



*Take it from
Uncle George*



"Saskatchewan provides to the rest of Canada stimulation and encouragement for co-operative action. It is probable that in no province or state on this continent with a population of approximately one million has the movement made so much and such varied progress as in that prairie province, but the fact gets little publicity and, consequently, is not generally known."

GEORGE KEEN, *General Secretary,*
The Co-operative Union
of Canada.

Take It from Uncle George

Co-operation in Saskatchewan:
An Idea in Action



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FOREWORD

SASKATCHEWAN co-operators have invariably attached great importance to brief and concise printed materials as a means of acquainting the people of the province with their philosophy and activities. The Co-operative Union of Canada, Saskatchewan Section, is in full accord with this view, and has, therefore, issued a number of pamphlets on topics of special interest to its affiliates. The present booklet, "Take It From Uncle George", is intended to meet these requirements. Numerous requests have been received for literature adapted to the needs of boys and girls in their early teens. The arrangement and presentation of material in such literature are, of course, of paramount importance. The booklet must be attractive if it is to be read, and must, therefore, be vivid and human in its appeal. With this in mind, the authors have decided "to tell the story"-- or rather to tell a number of stories--of actual co-operative achievements in the province. The style is admittedly colloquial, but this has appeared to be appropriate and natural. Pictures, diagrams and cartoons have been used wherever possible, and the principles of Co-operation have been set forth throughout the text.

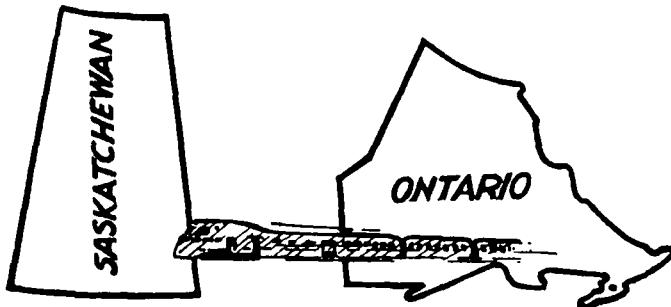
Most adult co-operators will readily agree that literature for juveniles is urgently needed. The growth of our movement depends upon an enlightened membership inspired by the ideal of mutual assistance. The continued existence of our movement can be assured only by recruiting new members from the ranks of youth The time to educate is now.

Meet Uncle George Weldon

HELLO, Dad, here I am! Gosh, it's good to see you again. I thought the train would never arrive, and I've been on pins and needles for the last hour!" Dick paused breathless.

"How are you, son!" exclaimed Tom Weldon, smiling broadly as he gripped the boy's shoulders. "I've been impatient to see you too. Did you have a good trip?" He laughed at the excited expression on Dick's face.

"It was a swell trip, Dad. But I had no idea that Saskatchewan was so far from Ontario. Of course, I'd often looked at maps, but somehow it just didn't seem so far away. Oh! How's Uncle George?"



His father's eyes twinkled. "Your Uncle's a great deal better than he was when I came here last spring," he said. "Seems to me he needed a good rest more than anything else. Farming in Saskatchewan has been a pretty difficult proposition during the last ten years, you know, Dick. But things are much better now, and I'm certainly glad that George is getting his health back."

"That reminds me," said Dick. "Almost everybody in Saskatchewan must be farmers, mustn't they, Dad? I've seen hardly anything but farms from the train windows. And there's so much wheat being grown here! One man on the train said that Saskatchewan is the largest wheat producing province in Canada. Is that right?"

His father nodded.

It wasn't surprising that Dick was so excited. He had spent nearly all his life—the whole fourteen years—in the City of Toronto. He had seen some Ontario farms, but never so many as he had looked at while on the train. Miles and miles of wheat—acres and acres of waving grain! "Now," he had said to himself over and over, "I'm going to spend a whole summer on a Western farm, helping Dad and Uncle George. Gee, it's going to be swell!" You see, Dick's Uncle George had been raising wheat in the West for nearly seventeen years. But he had been very sick the previous winter, and so Tom Weldon, Dick's father, had left Toronto in the spring and had come West to give his brother a hand. Dick was going to help, too, now that school was over for the summer.

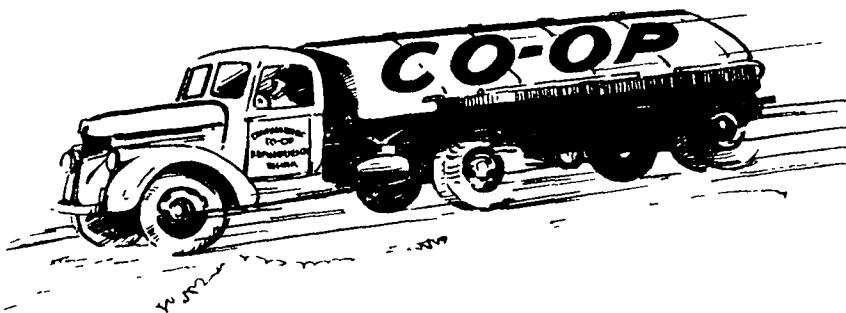
"That man on the train told me these elevators I've seen at every station hold—I don't know how many bushels of wheat", said Dick, as

the two of them walked over to their car. "I intended to ask him what the word meant, but I forgot."

"What word was that, Dick?" said his father. Dick waited until they were on their way to Uncle George's farm before replying.

"That word 'Pool', Dad. 'Saskatchewan Pool Elevators', I think it reads. That's what I've seen on one of the elevators at every station. What does it mean?"

"Why, that's the name of the farmers' organization that owns those elevators," Tom Weldon remarked. "The farmers call it 'the Wheat Pool.' It's a 'Co-op'; there are lots of Co-ops in this country. Look," he added. "See that big tank truck ahead of us? Take a good look at it as we pass." The car leaped forward as Dick's father prepared to overtake the brightly coloured giant. A moment later it was lost behind them in the swirling dust.



"Gee, but that's a monster!" Dick exclaimed. "But I don't understand," he went on, with a puzzled air. "The side of that truck was almost covered by the word 'Co-op' painted in huge black letters. You say, Dad, that the Wheat Pool, which owns grain elevators, is a 'Co-op' too. Well, then, does the Pool own the oil truck as well?" Before Tom Weldon could answer, his son burst forth excitedly, "Are we turning here, Dad? Golly, we're getting close to the farm, aren't we? We must be, because you just turned off the highway."

"Yes, we're almost there. See that clump of trees about a mile ahead just to the right of us? That's George's 'windbreak.' The house is on the other side. Most of the wheat is south of it. It'll be a grand crop too, if we don't get hail or frost."

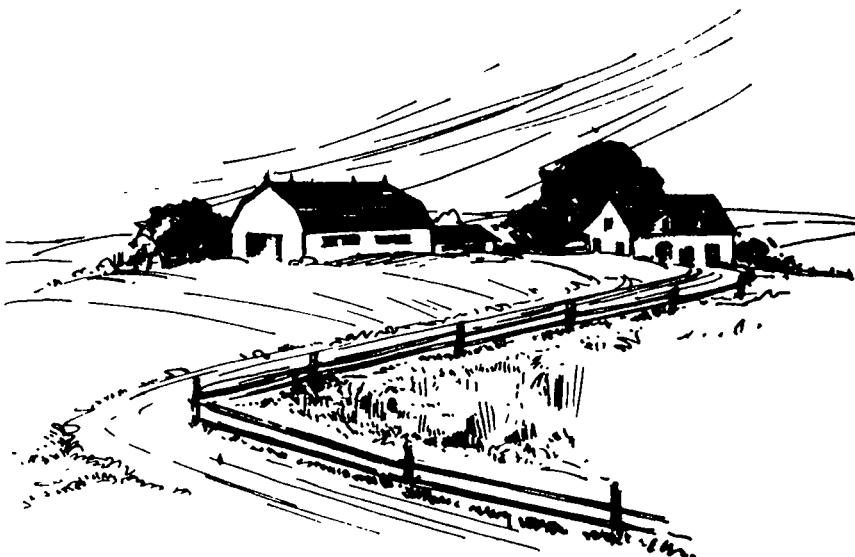
Dick was silent for a few minutes as he surveyed the fields on either side of them. At almost any second he would see his new home, the place in which he'd spend his summer. The windbreak grew closer and closer. Now they were alongside of it, and—yes, there it was! A low rambling home, painted in white and green, surrounded by other farm buildings, had come into view. Dick leaned forward expectantly as the car turned to the right to enter his uncle's land.

"Here we are," his father said, bringing the car to a halt. "Seems like George is waiting for us too," he went on, with a chuckle.

A tall, lean figure in overalls had stepped from the door of the barn and was hurrying towards them.

"So you found him, Tom," he exclaimed. And then, as he seized Dick's hand, "Why, you're even huskier than I thought you'd be, Dick.

You're not like the little fellow I knew before your father took you East." He smiled broadly and his eyes twinkled.



"I'm glad to see you, Uncle George," Dick answered, "and I know I'm going to like this place. You're not looking very sick, either," he remarked, with a critical look at his uncle's face. "I think you must be lots better." Uncle George didn't look very much like his father, he thought, but their smile was the same. It wouldn't be hard to get acquainted.

"I am better, Dick. I'm much better, especially since your Dad arrived last spring. We really enjoyed putting in the crop together this year. But come on in, it's just supper-time, and I know you're hungry. Your Aunt Edith has left the food on the stove and the table's all set."

"Gee, I am hungry at that," Dick admitted, smiling. "But isn't Aunt Edith here? I want to see her soon, because Mother gave me a note for her and I don't want to forget it."

George Weldon grinned cheerfully. "You can give me that note," he said. "I'll remember. And don't worry about your Aunt either, for she's just up the road a mile or so at one of the neighbours. There's a meeting of the local women tonight and she had a chance to ride if she went before supper. It's the 'Co-op Guild' meeting."

"Co-op," Dick mused, as he went to wash for supper. "First it was the Pool, now it's the Co-op again. I'll have to find out what those words are all about." Then he forgot the matter as he plied his father and Uncle George with questions about the farm, the wheat, the coming harvest. And when the evening meal was over, there were many things to see, for the older men undertook to show him the farm machinery, the buildings and the livestock. It was a very drowsy nephew who met Aunt Edith a few hours later and then hurried off to bed.

Several busy days slipped by before Dick's question returned to his mind: George Weldon had just finished the evening chores when the

telephone rang. He answered it, and a brief conversation followed. Dick, tuning in a radio serial in the living room, heard a number of references to "the Wheat Pool Committee".

"Say, Uncle George," he asked, as his uncle entered and settled himself comfortably in an armchair, "what's this word 'Co-op' that I keep hearing about? And the Pool, too? What's that? I started to ask Dad about them on the way out here on Monday, but I don't think he gave me an answer."

"Tell him all about it, George," Tom Weldon advised from the lounge. "You know more of the answers than I do." He smiled to himself as he recalled how Dick had interrupted his explanations a few days before.

Uncle George lit his pipe slowly and methodically before he replied. Then, puffing thoughtfully, he said, "Well, Dick, I'm glad you asked me about those words. Yes sir, I'm very glad you asked me." He paused again, while Dick waited expectantly. "You see, son, those words mean a mighty lot to some of us Saskatchewan farmers, you can take it from me. We've been talking co-ops and building co-ops for a good many years out here in the West. When I say 'we', I mean mostly farmers, but city people too. Main thing is, they're just people, just ordinary people like Tom and me here. We've never had much money and we've always had to work for what we got. When there *was* work, eh Tom?" He looked at his brother quizzically, remembering what a time Tom had had to get proper food and clothing for Dick and his sister a few years earlier. Dick turned off the radio.

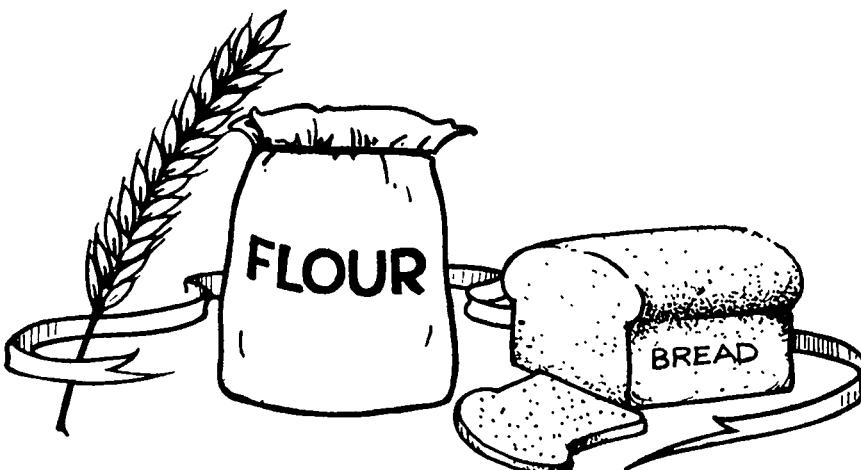
"Yes," Dick's father put in, nodding soberly, "when there *was* work. It was pretty hard to buy the things we needed when there was only a day or two of work in a month. And none at all for six months," he added grimly. "But you farmers haven't found it any easier, George."

"No, we haven't," George went on. "Of course, there's always plenty of work on a farm. But that hasn't always meant that there was money in it. We grow our wheat, but what's wheat worth to us? Well, that depends. Sometimes the price is up, but it seems if we have a good crop it's often down; or else, there's no room for it in the elevators. And so you see, Dick, Western farmers have been struggling for years and years to get a fair price for their wheat. And they're still struggling." He lapsed into silence, then began again. "Well, it's a long story, son, but here it is."

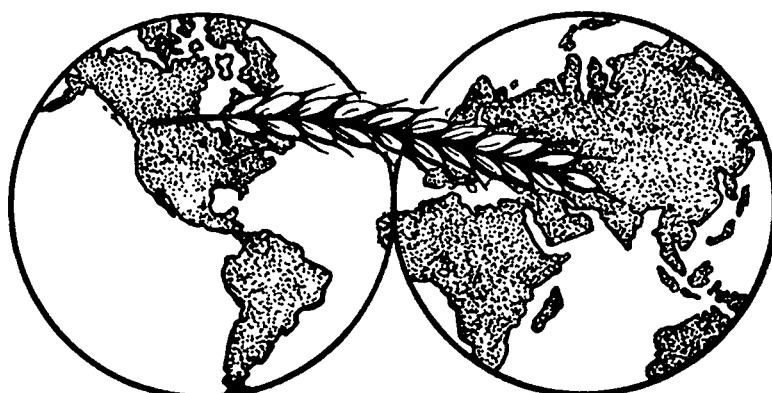


Uncle George and Wheat

“LONG before my time,” said Uncle George, “people in Saskatchewan began to talk about co-operation and co-operatives. That’s what ‘Co-op’ means—Co-operative. That’s what it means, but let’s forget the word for a while. I suppose it’s not important. The important thing is the story—a story of hope and courage and struggles and growth and success. Yes, and failures, too. You asked about the Pool, didn’t you? Well then, let’s talk about the Pool first. That’s just another way of saying, let’s talk about wheat.”



“You know what wheat is used for? Of course you do—it’s used to make flour. Then the flour is used to make bread. Most everybody needs bread, because bread is food, and a pretty important kind of food too. Our Canadian wheat is sold to millers all over the world, and they make the flour. Maybe that’s the trouble. I mean,” hastily, for Dick looked puzzled, “because these flour millers are scattered all over the world, a great many people must handle the farmers’ wheat before it reaches the mills. You’ve seen grain elevators?”



Dick nodded. "A man on the train told me about them."

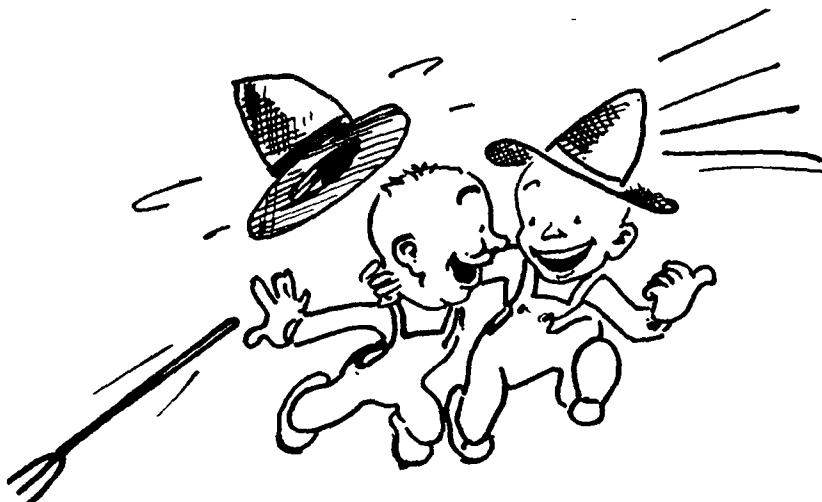
"Well, you know what they're for, then. All over the prairies, at almost every railroad siding, you'll see a grain elevator. Maybe two or three, or half a dozen. We farmers take our wheat to those elevators. We can't take it to the flour millers, they're too far away. Now, as you can imagine, elevators are expensive. They cost money, you take it from me. So naturally, very few elevators are owned by one man. What happens—what usually did happen even when the first elevators were being built, back in the 1890's, was this: a group of business men would get together, organize a company, build or buy elevators all over the Canadian West. More than one such company was organized, and most of them had plenty of money back of them. Those elevator companies handled nearly all of the wheat grown on the farms out here in the West. They bought it and they shipped it in railway cars to the head of the Great Lakes. There it was stored in what we call 'terminal elevators,' then sent by lake freighters and ocean steamers to the flour millers of many lands.

"You still listening, Dick?" Uncle George peered across the darkening room at his nephew.

"Sure I am," said Dick, covering a yawn.

Uncle George chuckled. "Well, I may be talking too much, but this is a very important story, you take it from me."

"So as I was saying," Uncle George continued, "the farmers out here used to sell their wheat to the elevator companies. But they weren't satisfied. No sir, they weren't satisfied. And why should they be? I've heard old Alex Thompson, two miles up the road, and Henry Schultz talk about the way things were before the first World War. 'Farmers needed elevators then,' said Alex 'same as they need them now. But those companies that owned the elevators paid us low prices for our wheat, and gave us poor grades too. And if we didn't like the grade offered by one company, we'd try another only to find that it would make us the same offer.'



"Some of them had ideas."

"For many years farmers like Alex Thompson just kept on working hard, struggling to make a better living, but something always happened. If the weather was good and the crop was good, then wheat prices were low or the grades were unsatisfactory. But the farmers talked a lot about their troubles and some of them, like Alex Thompson, had ideas.

"'Let's organize,' they said, 'like the owners of the elevators have done. We know that those business men are giants, and we are mere pygmies. But there are far more pygmies—farmers like ourselves—than giants. And there's strength in numbers. Why don't farmers get together, then—work together—co-operate. ("For that's what co-operating means: working together," said Uncle George.) We could build and own elevators that we could operate for ourselves.' "

"And did they?" said Dick. "Did the farmers build their own elevators?"

"They most certainly did," said Uncle George. "More than one group of farmers out here on the prairies did just that. Here in this province people like Alex Thompson organized the 'Co-operative Elevator Company'. That was before the first war—guess it was about, uhhh—. I'm not very good at remembering dates but I do believe the Co-op Elevators began to appear in Saskatchewan in 1911. Well sir, it wasn't long before those farmers' elevators were to be found in all parts of Saskatchewan.

"Day before yesterday Alex Thompson was in here. Alex likes to talk about the 'old days', you know, so he said to me, 'You know, George, we farmers owned about 650 elevators by the time the last war was over. Of course, the Co-op Elevator Company didn't own them all,' said Alex. 'A good many belonged to the United Grain Growers, the other farmers' Co-op. But between the two of us we had about 57,000 farmer-members.'

"You see," said Uncle George, "the farmers liked the idea. It made sense. They grew the wheat, didn't they? Well, then, why not handle and arrange for its shipment themselves?"

"Wait a minute, George," his brother interrupted. "Supposing some farmer-members invested much more money in this Co-op than others did. Would they not get control of it and perhaps operate it for their own benefit?"

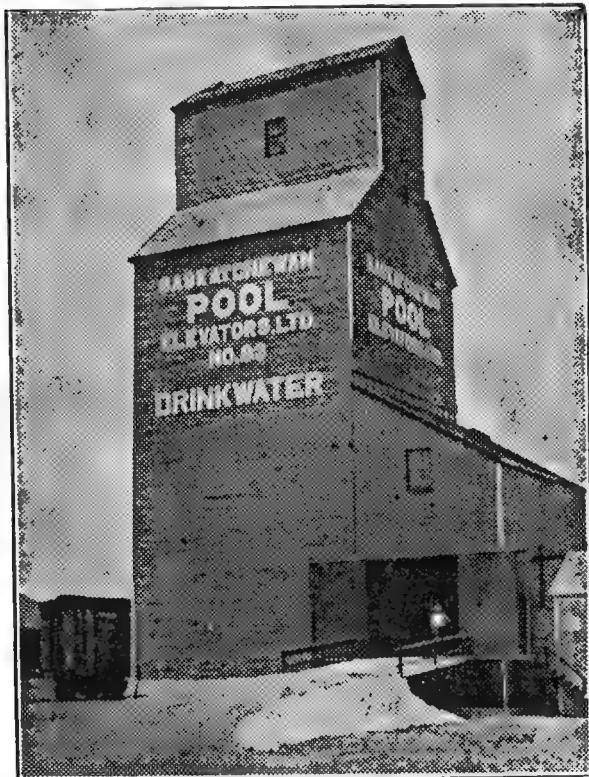
"Gee, I never thought of that!" Dick exclaimed. "Could that happen, Uncle George?"

"No, it couldn't," his uncle replied triumphantly. "You see, Tom," turning to Dick's father, "you see, a genuine Co-op allows each member only one vote, regardless of how much money he may invest. That's a principle of co-operation. That was one way in which the Co-op Elevator Company was different from the companies owned by business men."

Tom Weldon nodded slowly, as he digested this new knowledge. "I guess you and I are both learning something tonight, son. What do you think of this Co-op idea?"

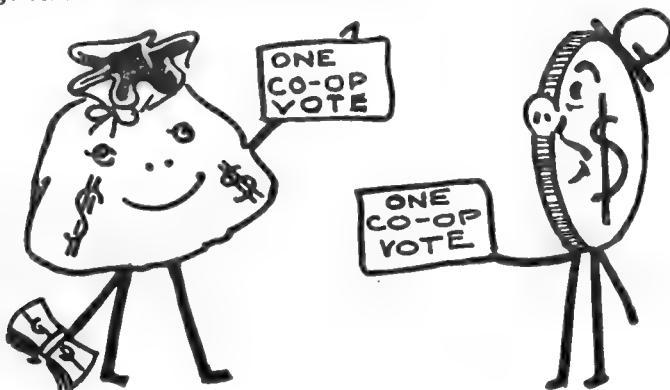


"I think it's a fine idea," Dick answered. But his forehead was wrinkled in thought. "You still haven't said anything about the Pool, Uncle George."



The Saskatchewan Pool Elevator at Drinkwater.

"That's right, Dick. But I hadn't forgotten it. The reason I hadn't mentioned it was because it came later. It was the next step taken by our wheat growers. I've often wished that I had been here when they organized the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. But that was twenty years ago and it wasn't until 1926 that I arrived."



"But, Uncle George, please tell me right away about that word 'Pool'!" Dick pleaded. "I think I see what you mean by 'Co-op'. That's just a short way of saying 'Co-operative', and that's an organization in which the members co-operate or work together. But 'Pool' . . . ?" His face revealed his perplexity.

"I am slow in getting to the point," admitted George Weldon. "Well, Dick, here you are: the Wheat Pool was given that name because it was going to 'pool' the wheat of its members, that is, it was going to take wheat from a number of farmers, sell it, and then, at the end of the year, pay each farmer the same price per bushel of wheat of the same grade. You see, son, the price of wheat is frequently changing. One farmer might sell this week, his neighbour might sell the same quantity and grade the next week, yet one might receive a smaller sum of money than the other. Most farmers didn't like to run that risk, so they agreed to let their own organization sell their wheat week after week at different prices, then calculate the average price during the year and pay each of them that amount, regardless of when each farmer made his deliveries. That's what is called 'pooling'. Of course, you can pool other farm products too. For instance, we have a Livestock Pool, a Dairy Pool and a Poultry Pool in Saskatchewan."

"I see," Dick remarked pensively. "And the Wheat Pool is a Co-op, is it?"

POOL CO-OP



"Yes, it's a real co-operative."

"Do the Pool and the Co-op Elevator Company work together, Uncle George?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? No, of course I didn't! I interrupted my story to describe pooling. You see, son, when the Wheat Pool was established, many farmers felt that it should carry on an elevator business too. So after a year or so the Wheat Pool bought the Co-op Elevators."

"Now let me get this straight, George," said his brother. "Just what was the difference between the two organizations?"

"Yes, I'd better make that clear. You understand how the Co-op Elevators were operated. Well, after the war, many of the farmers came to believe that they themselves could do more than just own elevators. Their own Co-op wasn't selling wheat directly to flour millers, you see, but to grain dealers who bought and sold it, in what is known as the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Those dealers finally sold it to the millers, of course. Now the farmers could see what that meant. They weren't getting the price for their wheat that the millers were paying for it. Nor was their Co-op getting it either."

"I'll bet the grain dealers were making money, though," Dick interrupted.

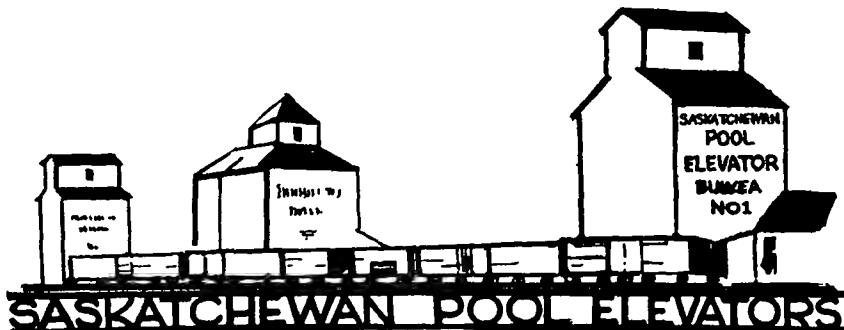
"Now you're talking!" cried Uncle George. "That's just what the farmers were saying back in 1923. They did something about it, too, besides just talking."

"You asked me, Tom, what the difference was between the Co-op Elevator Company and the Pool. Well, it was just this: the first owned

and operated elevators; the second *pooled* the wheat from the farms and was often able to sell it direct to the millers. Then later on, as I've said, the Pool bought out the older farmers' organization and did the whole job."

"You really believe in the Wheat Pool, don't you, Uncle George?"

"I'll say I do, son! Why shouldn't I? And nearly 120,000 farmers in Saskatchewan agree with me, too. That's how many Pool members there are—over 120,000. And through the Pool we own over one thousand country elevators, as well as four terminals. There are Wheat Pools in Manitoba and Alberta too, you know, and they've saved the Western farmers millions of dollars. Of course, they're not pooling wheat any more."



"They're not!" Dick exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter?"

"I'm also interested in your answer to that question," said Tom Weldon. "I've heard it discussed before, but I can't say that the whole story is clear to me."

"Well, I can't tell you the whole story tonight, Tom," his brother laughed. "But here are the highlights: all of the Pool's members pooled their wheat from 1924 to 1930. Some of them pooled till 1934. But you've heard, Dick, about the depression? Well, the depression was world-wide, as you probably know, and our Wheat Pool was hard hit. As a result, it had to stop pooling wheat. But it still operates its elevators—our elevators—and the farmers have learned the value of working together in this way."

"And that's not all: those farmers organized their Wheat Pool with the idea that it should confine itself pretty well to the handling and marketing of grain. But they very soon discovered that an organization as strong as the Pool could also help them in other ways. So today, after twenty years of operation, it is doing a far bigger job than was originally intended. You see, Dick, our Wheat Pool isn't just a head office at Regina. There are Wheat Pool committees—farmers—at every railroad shipping point. There are 164 farmers elected as 'delegates' each year, who help carry on the Pool's work and explain it to the people in their area. Eighteen employees, District representatives, travel throughout the province all the time. Now, Dick, you'll find that this entire organization has been used, not only to build a strong Wheat Pool, but to produce a steadily growing, all-round co-operative movement."

"Yes sir, that's one of the fine things about Saskatchewan farmers: they've learned to work together on *all* fronts. Working together—

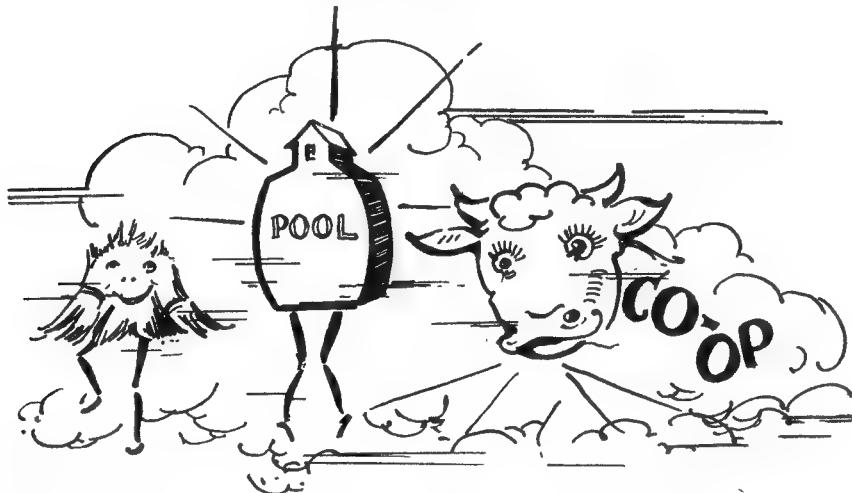
that's the key to our success. Don't forget, Dick, that our Wheat Pool—which is worth more than 20 million dollars to its members—has been built up by co-operation. It's a real Co-op—and the largest one we farmers have in Saskatchewan, you take it from me."



The Wheat Pool Building, Regina.

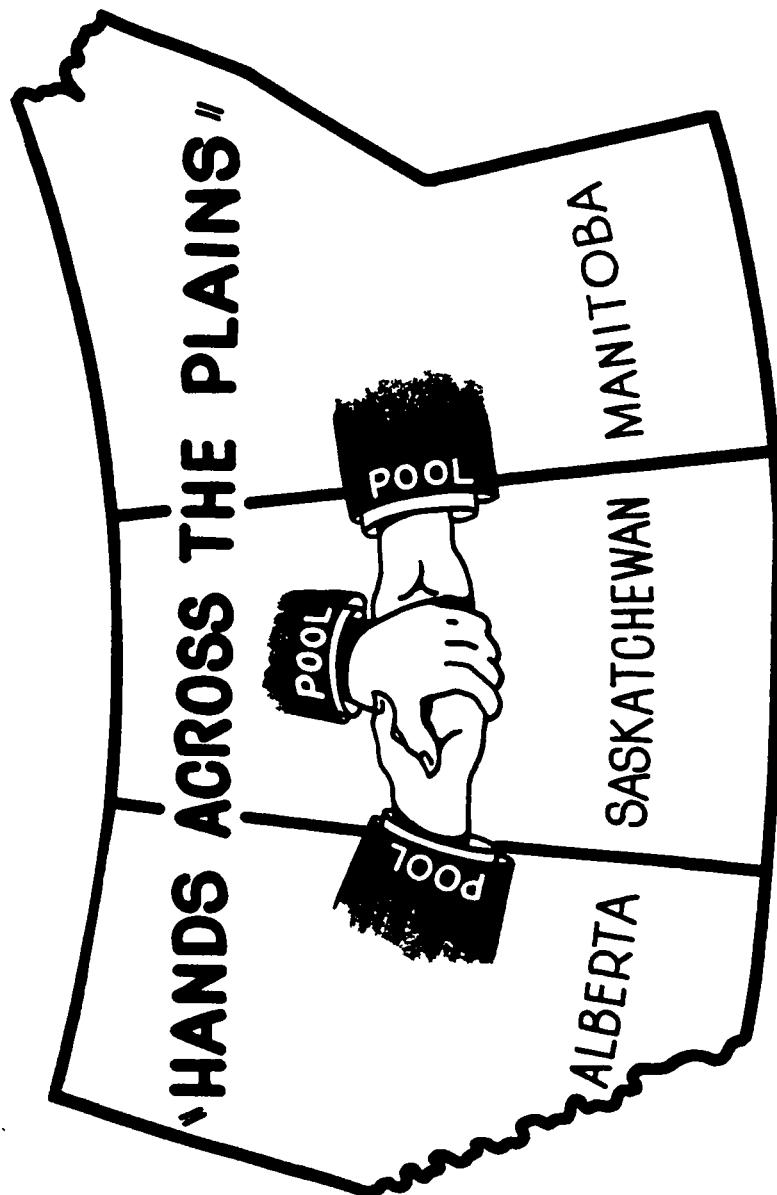
Uncle George rose from his chair and hobbled across the room. "Now, drat the luck!" he exclaimed. "My foot's gone to sleep while I sat and lectured to you, Dick. But for that matter, it's time we all went to sleep for the night, eh?"

"Thanks for the lesson, Uncle George," Dick grinned. "I can see that school is going to go on all this summer," he added slyly, and the men laughed as the three started for their beds. That night Dick dreamed of wheat fields and grain elevators and of cattle with the word "Co-op" painted in huge black letters on their sides.



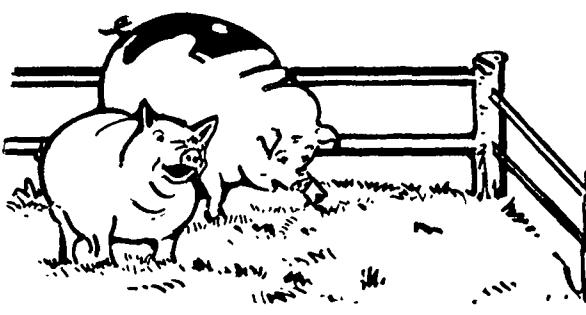
Dick's Diary:

Got Uncle George talking. He said that the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company was formed in 1911 to own and operate elevators. Saskatchewan Wheat Pool formed in 1923 to pool the farmers' grain. The Pool bought the Co-op Elevators. The Pool has over 120,000 members and over 1,000 country elevators today. Co-ops allow each member only one vote.



Uncle George Takes Hogs to Market

THE week following Dick's arrival in Saskatchewan was a busy time for him. During the long summer days he became fascinated by many things about the life on his uncle's farm. He brought the cattle home each evening. He watched his father and uncle as they worked the summerfallow, and helped them when haying commenced. There had been only one trip to town—that was on a Saturday evening, and the sidewalks had been crowded with farm folk engaged in their weekly shopping. Uncle George had stayed home that night and Dick had no one to explain the more puzzling snatches of conversation he had overheard. On Tuesday, however, he gained another opportunity to learn how farmers worked together, for at breakfast his father asked Uncle George if he were taking the hogs to market that day.



"Walter Peterson was here yesterday," Tom Weldon continued, "when you were over on the far quarter. Walter said today was shipping day. I told him that I'd heard you say you'd have fourteen 'bacons' and two sows ready. Was I right?"

"Yes, those were the figures I mentioned," said Uncle George. "That means a trip to town today, I suppose." He paused thoughtfully and then turned to Dick. "How'd you like to come along, son?" he inquired.

Dick had been waiting eagerly, hoping for this invitation. "How would I like it? Golly, I'm just crazy to go!" he cried, pushing back his chair. "I've finished my breakfast, Aunt Edith," he called. "When do we start, Uncle George?"

"Why, right away," said his uncle cheerfully. "We'll have to load up first, of course, but we should get away in three-quarters of an hour." He reached for his battered hat, filled and drank a dipper of water. "Coming?" he asked.

"I'm right with you, you bet your life. Are you taking the truck? If you are, could I start the engine when you're ready?" Starting the engine was a privilege Dick had speedily acquired since his arrival.

"Sure thing! But first, come and give me a hand in rounding up those hogs."

An hour later Dick and his uncle were speeding merrily along, to the accompaniment of a series of squeals and grunts emerging from the back of the truck.

"Well sir, that's a mighty fine little town, you can take it from me!" said George Weldon, nodding ahead as the elevators and stores came into sight. "It's a grand town from a social point of view," he went on. "The

young people put on some very nice dances, especially in the winter months. It's a fine place to shop, too," he chuckled. "You know, Dick, we've a Co-op store here. Bought it last March for three thousand dollars. We raised every cent from the people in the district too."

"I saw that 'Co-op' sign on the store when Dad and Aunt Edith and I were in last Saturday," said Dick. "So you can *buy* things through a Co-op as well as *sell* your wheat to one?"

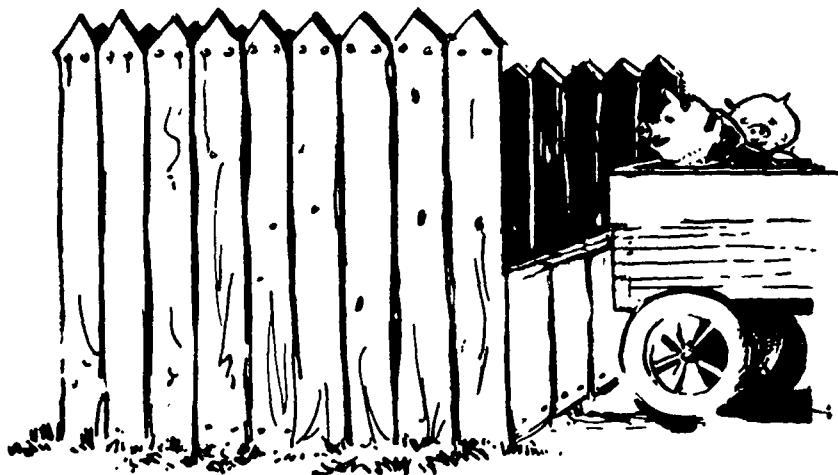
"Yes, you certainly can! In fact, you can carry on almost any kind of business in this town through one of our Co-ops. Take these hogs we're bringing in this morning. They're going to a Co-op, you know."

"They are!" Dick exclaimed. "Well, golly, you really do use Co-ops out here."

"We really do. You take it from me, Dick, none of the farmers around here would think of selling their hogs except through our own co-operative shipping association. But here we are, the livestock pens are just across the road."

Dick gazed with interest at the sheds and pens his uncle pointed out and as the truck drew up beside them he stepped out hurriedly to make a closer inspection. Peering through the cracks between the heavy plank fencing, he discovered that a number of hogs had already been delivered by other farmers.

"Gee, but these fences are well built," he remarked, as his uncle emerged from the cab. "I'll bet that cattle don't break through here very often."



"No, they don't," George Weldon agreed. "I'll be back in a few minutes, Dick," he added. "I'm going to look for our shipper, Walter Peterson."

Dick was still busily examining the stockpens and the animals within when his uncle returned in company with the shipper.

"This is Dick, my brother's boy, Walter," said Uncle George. "Dick, I want you to meet Walter Peterson, our Co-op shipper."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Peterson. Do you have work like this to do every day? It must be a lot of fun."

The shipper smiled. "Sometimes it's just hard work to me, my boy," he confessed. "But that's alright, I'm not complaining, since our Co-op shipping association pays me to handle the members' livestock. Not every day, though," he added. "Just on shipping days. By the way, you're from Toronto, aren't you?"

Dick nodded.

"Maybe then, since you're not a farm boy, you'd like to see us load these hogs on the freight car a little later on, would you?" Walter Peterson asked.

"I certainly would," Dick said.

"Well, suppose you get your uncle to bring you back here about eleven o'clock, then. How about it, George?"

"Sure thing. I've a little business in town anyhow. Lend a hand in getting our hogs into the pen, will you, Dick?"

Dick readily opened and closed gates for the two men as they herded George Weldon's hogs inside. Then, after a short conversation with the shipper, Uncle George returned to the truck.

"I want to make one or two calls down the street," he said. "We'll drive in, then come back here to watch Walter load his stock, eh?"

"That's fine with me, Uncle George," his nephew agreed. "I guess Mr. Peterson paid you plenty for those hogs, didn't he?"

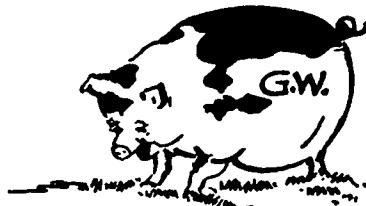
"No, he didn't. In fact, he didn't pay me anything," his uncle replied, laughing at Dick's bewildered expression. "It's like this, Dick. Mr. Peterson has 'tattooed' my hogs—you missed that, didn't you?—so that they can be recognized as mine later. He'll ship them in a few hours and they'll be sold then, along with all the others that were brought to those pens today. Then, in a week or so, I'll get a cheque for the amount that they sold for, less freight and the handling charges made by our Co-op."

"But wouldn't it be better," Dick protested in some astonishment, "wouldn't it be better to get your money today?"

"Well, maybe it would, son," Uncle George admitted. "It would be better in some ways, of course. But there's another side to this story. Why do you think that the farmers in this district—yes, and farmers in many other parts of Saskatchewan—have organized livestock shipping co-operatives?"

"I'm not sure," said Dick hesitantly, "but perhaps it was to get higher prices?"

"That's the answer in a general way, yes. Remember this, though: before our livestock Co-op was established, we used to sell to 'drovers', men who came right to our farms to buy. They paid us right away and you seem to think that's a mighty good thing. But they didn't always pay us all that our hogs were worth, you can take it from me! But I'll tell you about that on the way home," Uncle George added. "In the meantime, you wait in the truck while I attend to one or two matters in here." He parked in front of a small office building and departed,



Dick to ponder on the complicated ways in which farmers disposed of their produce.

During their journey home some hours later, Uncle George resumed his narrative. "Now then," he announced, "I promised to tell you about the experiences we farmers used to have with the local drovers before our livestock Co-op was organized. It was like this: one of these men (a drover, I mean) would make a call at a farm and would look over the hogs and cattle. Then he'd say to Farmer Jones, 'You've got ten hogs here that are ready for market. Now, these five will go select; but the best I can offer is bacon for these four; and this one couldn't be called anything but a butcher!' (Select, Bacon and Butcher—those are grades of hogs.) Well, the farmer wasn't an expert judge of hogs, and ten to one, he'd accept the drover's grades. Then the question of the price per pound for each grade of hog would arise. Maybe the drover would offer considerably less than the Winnipeg prices at that time, even allowing for freight charges and a good-sized fee for himself. But the farmer mightn't know what the Winnipeg prices were just at that time. So . . . do you see what might happen?"

"Sure, that's as plain as day, Uncle George! The drover could sell those hogs in Winnipeg at much higher prices and perhaps he would get better grades too. Maybe he might have known all the time that the hogs were of higher grades than he told the farmers!"

"Exactly!" Uncle George turned to his nephew beaming with pleasure, then, as the truck swerved, hurriedly returned his attention to the road.

"So you see why we've organized a livestock Co-op, don't you? Now, I have to wait until Walter Peterson has sold my hogs and those of my neighbours on the Winnipeg market. I must wait a few days for my money; but now that all of the local men send their hogs direct to Winnipeg, we know we're going to receive the regular Winnipeg prices, and our hogs will be graded by men employed by the Government. You can see what that means to us. And because we ship on certain days, which Walter Peterson arranges, we ship a full carload at a time, and pay a lower freight rate than if each of us sent out only a part of a carload. See?"

"I certainly do see," said Dick. "I think that farmers like you are really using your heads, Uncle George."

"Maybe we are, maybe we aren't," Dick's uncle declared modestly. "But we've learned one simple thing, Dick, you can take it from me. We've learned to work together, to help each other, to co-operate. That's it—to co-operate."

"You're surely very lucky to have a man like Walter Peterson to run your Co-op for you, aren't you?" Dick said thoughtfully.

"Walter is a good man," his uncle admitted. "But don't get the wrong idea, son," he continued. "Peterson doesn't run our Co-op. He's our shipping agent, hired by us to do that work and we pay him. But our directors run the Co-op, not our shipper. We, the members, hold a meeting once each year at least, sometimes more often, and elect our directors. They hired Walter and they decide at their monthly meetings just how our organization should be operated."

"Does each of the members have one vote, the same as in the Wheat Pool?" asked Dick.

"Yes, the same system is used. No member of a Co-op ever gets more than one vote, even if he has more money invested in it than most of the other members. It wouldn't be a real Co-op if it wasn't run that way. That's the democratic way—every member has equal control."

Dick was lost in silence for a few minutes as he considered all that his uncle had told him. He wondered why he had never heard of Co-ops in Toronto, since there seemed to be many of them here where his Uncle George lived. How many? He had never asked that question.

"Can you tell me how many Co-ops are in Saskatchewan altogether, Uncle George?"

"No, I can't," his companion admitted ruefully. "Must be hundreds, though."



"Well, how many livestock Co-ops are there, then?" Dick persisted.

"Say, now you're asking questions I can't answer, Dick. But I can tell you this: these livestock shipping associations like the one you've seen this morning work with each other through one of several 'central' organizations. For instance, the biggest one is the Saskatchewan Co-operative Livestock Producers. We usually call it the Livestock Pool, and there's some talk of its joining up with the Wheat Pool. Then there are two others: the Carrot River Valley and the Humboldt-Canora Co-operative Marketing Associations. They're located in the north-eastern part of our province. Does that help to answer your questions?"

"Yes, it helps all right. Golly, though, that means that even the co-operatives work together through those large central organizations, doesn't it?"

"And what's wrong with that?" cried George Weldon. "It makes sense, doesn't it? The more everyone in this world learns to work together," he added, swinging the truck into his own driveway, "the better world it's going to be!"

"Yes, I guess it is," Dick agreed, and ran into the farm house to see what Aunt Edith had prepared for lunch.

* * *

"That's a smart boy, Tom," George declared, as he helped his brother unhitch a team. "Would you believe it, he let me rattle on about co-operatives all the way to town and back. Kept asking more questions, too."

"Do him good," Tom Weldon answered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Say, that's a grand crop of hay we've got this year, isn't it? I've really enjoyed cutting it. But you say you talked about

co-operatives, eh? Well now, I wish I'd heard more about them back East. You farmers must sell almost everything you produce through one co-operative or another."

"We do, Tom. There's the Wheat Pool, of course, and our livestock shipping associations. Then there's the Dairy Pool through which many farmers sell their milk and cream. The men up north weren't satisfied, you see, with the price they received for their fluid milk, nor with the way their cream was processed into butter. So what did they do? They organized their own Dairy Pool in 1927. That's one of the most successful and efficient Co-ops we have, Tom. Its members are located in the central and northern part of the province, chiefly around Saskatoon. Yes, and around Prince Albert, too, particularly during the last few years."

"What's this other organization I've been reading about? Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, I think it's called. Seems the government has been helping it out, according to the newspapers."

"Well, I ship through the Creamery, Tom. We operate chiefly in southern and eastern Saskatchewan, processing cream and handling fluid milk just as the Dairy Pool does. You're right about that government assistance. You see, farmers in the areas I mentioned had organized their own Co-op creameries even before the Dairy Pool got going up north, but we got into financial difficulties during the depression. Too many local creameries, for one thing, and the government stepped in to help us manage our affairs for a time. It won't be long now, though, I hope, until the farmers will regain full ownership and control, because the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries are doing well again. When the farmers do take over, why then more than one-half of all Saskatchewan dairy products will be handled co-operatively either by the Dairy Pool or the Co-op Creameries."

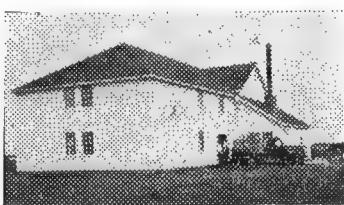
Dick's father nodded. "You were naming all of the marketing Co-ops you have here."

"Oh, yes. Well, I mustn't forget our Poultry Pool. It's been doing a grand job, setting a standard in handling poultry and poultry products which other dealers have had to follow. Started about the same time as the Dairy Pool and for much the same reasons: to get better prices and to improve the general conditions under which poultry were handled. It did, too."

"Any new marketing co-ops?" asked Tom.

"You bet. There are a couple of new associations up north. I don't know much about them, but the Wheat Pool representative talked about them the last time he was around. It seems that a Honey Producers' Co-operative Marketing Association was established back in 1939 to process and pasteurize honey. Today that particular Co-op owns one

of the most modern honey plants in Canada. That's located up at Tisdale. (And by the way, the beekeepers have another Co-op through which they buy their bees. Two thousand beekeepers are members.) Some of the farmers in that same area began marketing the seed from alfalfa and other forage crops a few years ago. More than a dozen local Co-ops were established as a result, the



The Honey Producers' Processing Plant at Tisdale.

Wheat Pool representative said. They assemble, clean and store the seed in their own warehouses, then it's sold through the Saskatchewan Forage Crop Growers' Co-operative Marketing Association. That's a central organization to which all the locals belong. Those growers have received far better prices for their seed through co-operative marketing, you take it from me.

"But say, I want to tell you about Pierceland! That's a community away up in the north-west—township 62, seventy miles from the railway. Well, the farmers there have a special kind of marketing Co-op. They have a cannery, you see. They bring their own fruit and vegetables to this cannery, and a portion of the canned product is returned to them. The rest is sold outside the community to pay the cannery's expenses. Better use is made of the farm fruit and vegetables that way, of course. Quite an idea, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," Tom Weldon agreed. "But now let me tell you about two other associations. Alex Thompson told me the other night that there were Co-op stockyards in this province—one at Prince Albert, the other at Moose Jaw."

George looked somewhat sheepish. "I guess I forgot them," he said.

"But look here, George, I've been wondering if city people couldn't buy co-operatively. We've nothing to sell, of course, but we sure have plenty to buy."

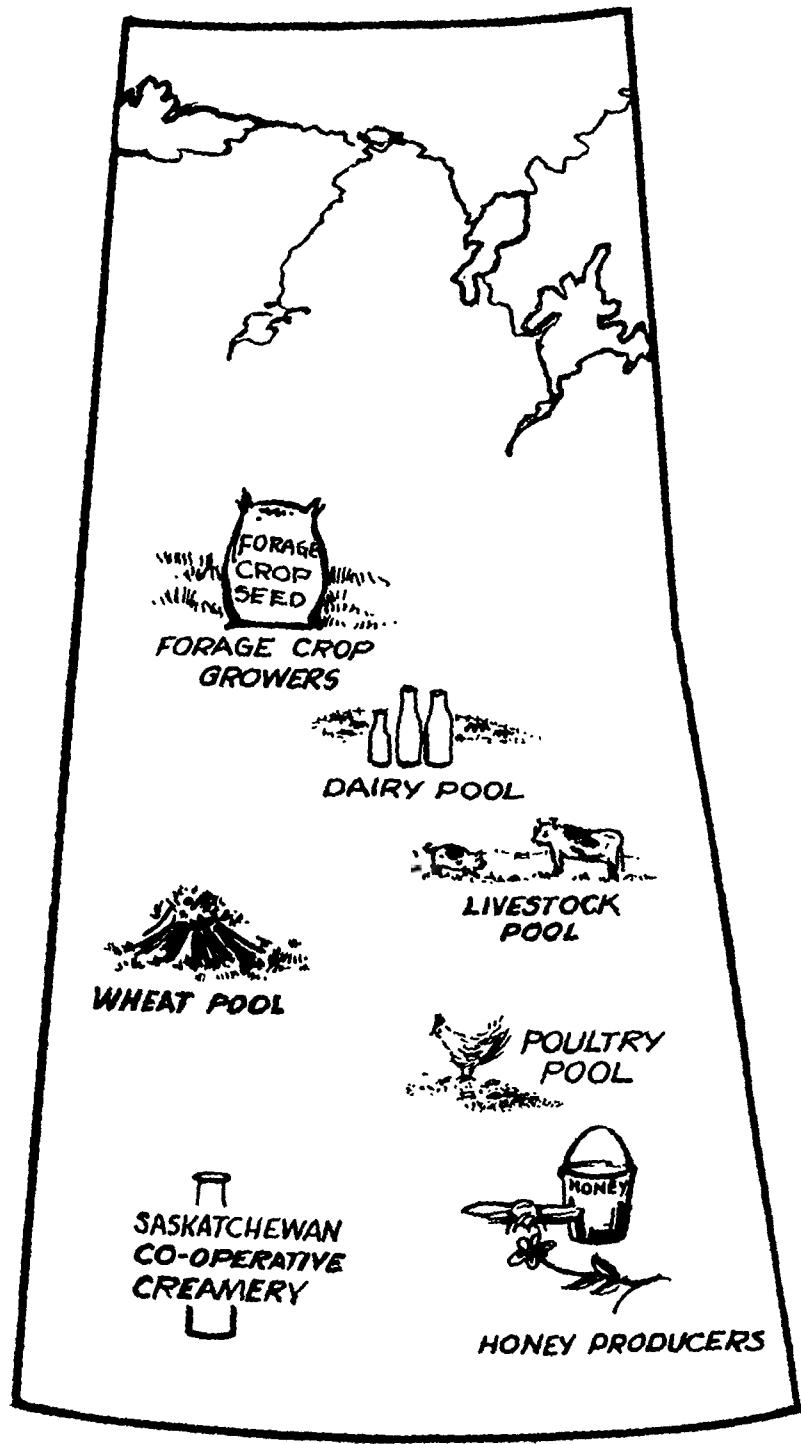
"Of course they can, Tom. Of course city people can buy co-operatively. They not only can, they *do*! And farmers in this province have certainly learned that they can make their dollars go further by doing just that. But that's another story. A long story, too, if *I* tell it," George grinned. "Come on to lunch," he said.



* * *

Dick's Diary:

We went to town—Uncle George and I. I learned that Co-op live-stock shipping associations were started because farmers wanted to get proper grades and prices for their animals. There are three livestock "centrals": the Livestock Pool, and the Carrot River and Humboldt-Canora Co-op Marketing Associations. Lots of other marketing Co-ops, too, Dad says. He was talking to Uncle George about them.



Uncle George Shows How to Buy

THE hot summer days of July passed all too quickly for Dick Weldon. There was work to do on Uncle George's farm, of course, but it wasn't like the work he'd known in Toronto. It was new, and it was interesting. He'd met new people too, including Leslie Williams. Les's home was in the town, ten miles away, but he, too, was spending the summer on a farm. Mr. Williams, his father, was the manager of the Co-op store and his grandfather was George Weldon's old neighbour, Alex Thompson. It was at the Thompson farm that Dick first met Les Williams, and the two became acquainted quickly, soon finding excuses to exchange visits, especially in the evenings. They caught a ride when they could, for two miles seemed like a long walk to both of them.

One Saturday evening they were together at the Weldon place. Dick's father and Aunt Edith had driven in to town, and Uncle George had fallen asleep on the couch. The two boys had just come in to the house after spending an hour trying vainly to corner a gopher that had dug its home near the barn.

"But don't you know?" Les was saying, in surprised tones. "Why, I thought that everyone knew that. You'll pay just as much for your knife at the Co-op store as you will at any other place in town. Co-ops don't cut prices."

"Well, maybe I am wrong, then," Dick answered, aggrieved. "It just seemed natural to me, though. Uncle George sells his wheat through a Co-op like the Pool so that he'll get more money for it, so I thought he must buy things from the Co-op store so that he'd save money. I thought your Dad's store would sell things cheaper than other stores. It still seems sensible to me," he added defensively.

"Okay, if you don't believe me, you ask your uncle," answered Les. "But he'll tell you just what I've said already."

Dick waited no longer. He walked over to the couch and none too gently shook the sleeping figure. "Uncle George!" He shook again, more violently. "Uncle George!" The slow, even breathing ceased as the sleeper stirred uneasily and muttered something about the road being terribly, terribly rough. Les Williams snickered.

"Eh? What's that?" George Weldon exclaimed. "Oh, it's you, Dick. Is that Les over there? That lamp is shining right in my eyes. I must have dozed off," he said, sitting up apologetically.

"Uncle George, if you buy things from the Co-op store you'll save money, won't you? Goods are cheaper there than at the other stores, aren't they?" Dick was regaining his assurance.

Uncle George rubbed his eyes, and considered the question carefully. He was none too fully awake even yet. "Why, yes," he replied slowly and rather cautiously, "I buy from the Co-op to save money. Of course I do."

"There you are!" cried Dick, turning to his friend triumphantly. "If he buys from the Co-op to save money, the prices must be lower there!"

"What's that?" Uncle George interrupted sharply, before Leslie could find a quick retort. "The prices must be lower, did you say? No, Dick, the prices are just the same as those charged by the other stores. Les is right about that."

"Well, I don't see how——" Dick began, but his uncle interrupted again.

"I think I know what's bothering you, son," he said. "You can't see how I save money if the prices aren't lower. Well, that's simple: at the end of each year our Co-op store pays back part of the money I paid for goods I bought during that year. See?"

"Gosh, I forgot to tell you that, Dick," Les admitted. "I see now why you were so puzzled. Guess I forgot about it myself."

"So it's our Co-op store you're concerned about now," said Uncle George. "Well boys, I've been promising myself that I'd tell Dick the whole story of how we farmers have learned to buy co-operatively as well as to sell. Do you want to hear it now?" He glanced at the clock. "I don't think it's too late. Do you think you could stand it?"

They nodded. Dick was interested, Les somewhat uncertain; he'd never heard Uncle George tell a story.

* * *

"As I've said before," began Uncle George, "people in Saskatchewan commenced to talk about co-operation and co-operatives long before my time. First it was marketing. Farmers talked about shipping problems before they gave much thought to buying co-operatively. They felt that they should receive more for the crops they grew and the livestock they raised than what they were receiving. So—they organized marketing Co-ops. Of course, I've told you about them, Dick."

Dick indicated that he remembered. Les Williams began to pay closer attention. Dick's uncle could explain things clearly.

"Well sir, after a while some farmers began to wonder about the prices they paid for what they bought. Binder twine, coal and wood,



"They began to wonder."

George swelled with visible pride—"but thirty years ago they had a lot to learn. And they learned the hard way."

"You mean," Les interrupted, "they made lots of mistakes. Is that it?"

"That's it exactly. One mistake they sometimes made was cutting prices, which Dick here thought that our store was doing. What happened? Well, sometimes the other local merchants would decide to lower *their* prices even further. Then some of the co-operative's less loyal supporters would desert it and trade with the other storekeepers. That sometimes hurt our early Co-ops. And sometimes our stores lowered prices until they were not charging a sufficient amount to pay for their operating expenses."

"What other mistakes did the Co-ops make?" Dick inquired.

"Credit!" his uncle answered. "That's a bad word in the Co-op language. Some of our stores sold goods to their customer-members on credit, instead of demanding cash. You may not understand this, boys, but selling on credit is a costly business. Many Co-ops commenced operations with only a limited amount of cash. That cash was used to buy goods from a wholesale company, to purchase equipment and so on. Well now, if goods are sold on credit, the Co-op must replenish its shelves by borrowing money or get its goods on credit from the wholesaler—who charges higher prices then. Or else, the shelves just aren't filled again, and our store's stock of goods dwindles, grows smaller. See?"

Dick looked somewhat puzzled. "It's not very easy to understand, but I think I have the idea. Tell me, though, how does a good Co-op get around those problems you mention?"

"I can tell you the answer to that!" Les Williams suddenly realized that he was able to talk on this subject. "Our Co-op—it's been operating only since last March, of course—it sells for cash and nothing else. Not one bit of credit! If a member asks for it, Dad tells him to go to our credit union."

hardware—did they *have* to cost so much? What was the use of getting higher prices for farm produce, if the prices of everything they bought were to go higher too? They wondered. Then some farmers decided to do something about it. So just about the time of the first World War the people in many local areas would collect a sum of money, build or buy or rent a store building, put in a stock of goods which they'd purchase from a wholesale, and commence to sell goods to themselves. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, of course. Farmers are old hands when it comes to co-operating today,"—Uncle

"What's a credit union?" (This from Dick.)

"Never mind about that right now," said Uncle George. "Let Les tell you how our store fixes prices."

"Why, Dad always charges just what the other storekeepers do."

"Yes, but didn't you say something about getting money back at the end of the year, Uncle George?"

"That's right, Dick. After Mr. Williams, our manager, has made his report to our directors on this year's operations, we'll know how much we've saved, and then we'll divide that among our members."

"I suppose each member will get the same amount, won't he?" Dick remarked.

"Oh no, not at all!" his uncle rejoined. "The member who has bought the most goods during the year will receive the largest refund. That's what we call it, Dick—a 'patronage refund' or a 'patronage dividend'. You see, co-operators believe that the person who makes the greatest use of his store—who patronizes it most—deserves more than the fellow who spends very little money there. It's a different way of doing business than that of an ordinary company: a company divides its earnings among its members, or shareholders, in proportion to the amount of their investment. If John Jones has invested \$200.00 in a private store and Bill Smith has invested \$100.00, Jones will receive twice as large a share of the year's savings as will Smith. Co-ops don't believe in that."



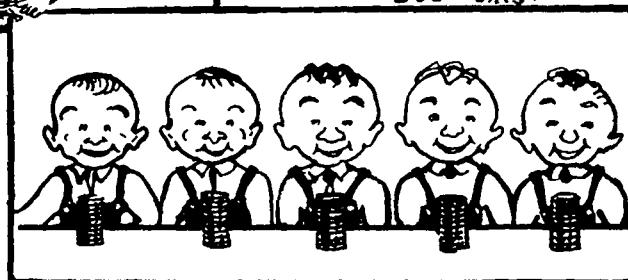
POSITIVELY NO CREDIT!

Not this:



Profits to Owners

But this:



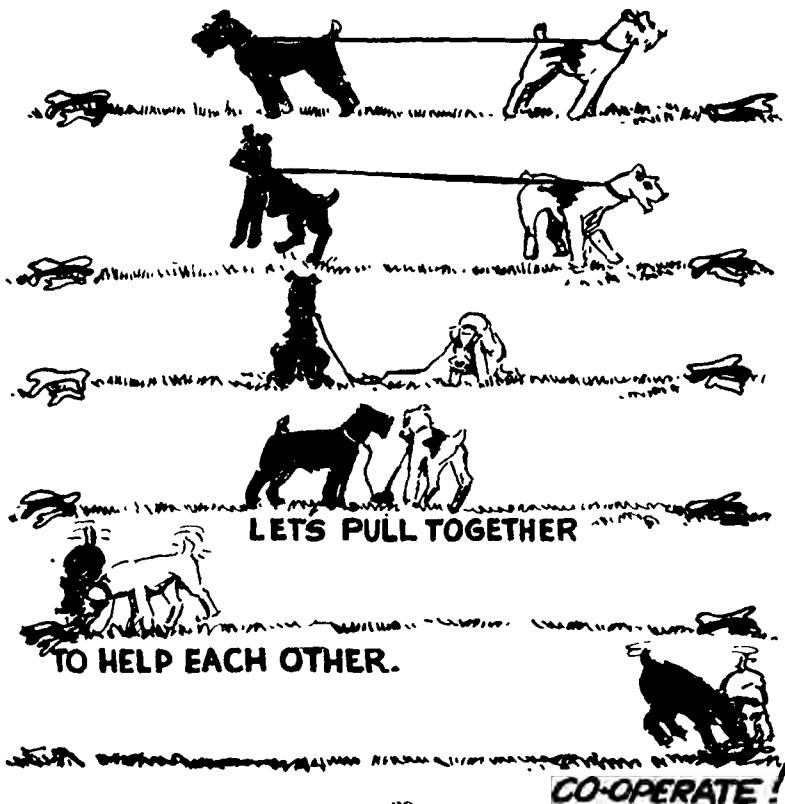
Profits to Members

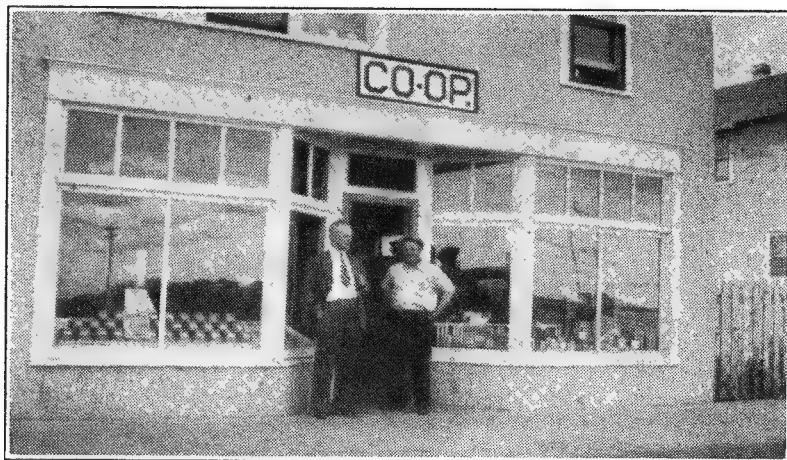
Dick pondered over this information. "But doesn't Jones deserve to get something more than Smith?" he asked finally.

"Well, that depends. Some Co-ops do use a portion of their savings to pay interest on the investment of each member, as well as to pay patronage dividends. But the rate of interest is always kept low. A low or limited rate of interest on the investment of the members is a principle of co-operation. Of course, many co-operators, especially in Saskatchewan, believe that our organizations should pay no interest at all. Many Co-ops don't; if they don't, they see to it that the member who buys the most, who uses his Co-op the most, shall have the largest investment in it. See?"

The boys indicated that they understood.

"Well, then, I'll get back to those early stores of ours that were organized during the first World War. They all made mistakes, of course—any organization does. So there were a good many failures. On the other hand, there are some fine Co-op stores operating in Saskatchewan today which got their start nearly thirty years ago. Take Lloydminster, for instance. Bill Popoff—you know him, Les—he moved up there three years ago. I got a letter from Bill last week and he said the Lloydminster Co-op declared a patronage refund of over \$13,000.00 last year. Now that store was organized in 1914, and it's worth \$139,000.00 today. So it hasn't been a failure by any means, you can take it from me. I only wish that some of us around here had opened our store long ago, instead of just last March."





A Co-operative Store at White Fox.

"Have many Co-op stores opened recently like yours has done, Uncle George?"

"Yes, quite a few, son. Our Co-op Wholesale Society has had a great deal to do with that. Did you know, boys, that we have a Co-op Wholesale? It serves our retail Co-ops in all parts of this province, too."

"I knew it," Les declared. "My Dad is buying things from the Co-op Wholesale Society all the time."

"Yes, that's a mighty fine organization. Its headquarters are at Saskatoon, you know," George went on. "But now there's a branch in Regina as well."

Les Williams covered a yawn. Dad was always talking Co-ops too, and he'd heard about the Wholesale before.

But Dick had one more question. "What I can't understand," he announced, "is why people like you should have waited until last March, Uncle George, before you actually began to buy things through a co-operative. I should have thought that you'd have started long ago."

"Oh, but we did!" Les protested. "Our store is just our newest Co-op. Didn't you see those coal sheds and oil tanks in town?"

"That's right," Uncle George nodded. "We began buying co-operatively long ago, Dick, but we didn't have a store. You see, we were buying coal and wood and gas and oil and binder twine—things like that. We call them 'bulk commodities', and we keep them in our warehouse and sheds and oil tanks. Those were built years ago. There must be four hundred 'bulk commodity' Co-ops in Saskatchewan, Dick. They're 'old-timers'—but a great many of our stores are quite new, just like the one in town, and there aren't so many of them either."

"I think it's time I went home," Les interrupted, "or my Grandad will be phoning you, Mr. Weldon. How about buying that knife I told you about?" turning to Dick. "We're going to town next Thursday, I think. I'll let you know, anyway."

"So long, Les," smiled Uncle George. "You might ask your Grandfather if he'd pick up an oil drum of mine next Thursday."

"Okay, Mr. Weldon."

The boys disappeared in the darkness of the farm yard, and George Weldon settled down on the couch again. When Tom and Aunt Edith woke him an hour later he was in a merry mood.

"A pity you folks won't stay home nights and get an education," he grinned. "I've told Les and Dick all about our Co-op store, you know."

"Well, if that isn't the most shameful thing I've ever heard!" cried Aunt Edith. "Tom, this man will drive Dick back to Toronto in another week. He and his Co-op stories," she added. "He never talks about anything else, I'm sure of that."

But Uncle George's good humor remained unshaken. "All the same, Tom," he remarked, winking in his wife's direction, "she never buys anywhere but at the Co-op, you take it from me." And Tom Weldon smiled too, for he knew it was true.



A Co-operative Store at Moose Jaw.



A Co-operative Store at Lloydminster.

Dick's Diary:

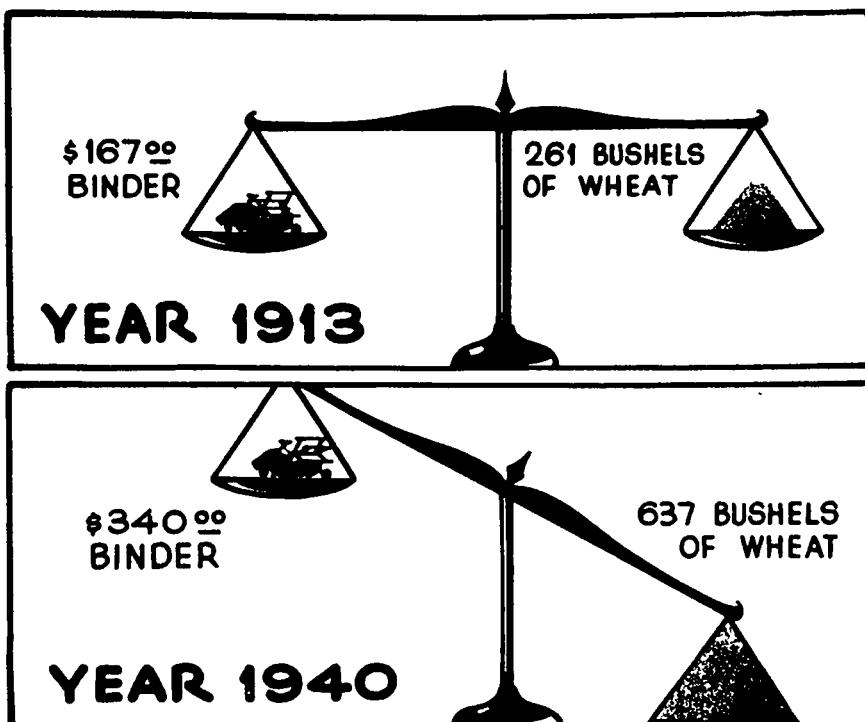
Les and I had an argument. I was really right, I think. Co-op stores don't cut prices, but they make refunds to each member at the end of each year. The local Co-op store is a new one. Most of these stores in Saskatchewan are new, but some like Lloydminster are thirty years old. Uncle George says a good Co-op sells for cash, and pays little or no interest on what people invest in it. I learned about "bulk commodity" co-ops too. They're older than most of the stores.

Uncle George Looks Ahead

SOMETIMES I wonder," Tom Weldon muttered, peering at a booklet he held under the lamplight, "sometimes I wonder why George ever decided to grow wheat out here in the West."

"Why, Dad," a voice emerged from the twilight dusk of the kitchen, "I thought you liked farming!"

"Did you hear me, Dick? I thought I was talking to myself. But just look at this chart I have here," Dick's father went on soberly. "This is a little pamphlet George has picked up somewhere, I suppose. Look! See that! 637 bushels of wheat! That's what it requires to buy a binder in these days. Yet thirty years ago a farmer could buy a binder with the money he'd receive by selling 261 bushels. Why, that's something scandalous."



"It certainly is, Tom," his brother remarked from the doorway. "Yes, I heard you talking about that chart," he continued, and sat down heavily in his favourite chair. "Dick, would you mind looking around the pumphouse for that brown jacket of mine? I think I dropped it in there when I was separating." Dick departed.

"Yes, the farmer pays plenty for all he buys," George addressed his brother. "Binders, drills, ploughs, it's all the same. Not just farm implements, either. You take almost anything the farmer buys and you'll

find he pays a high price. Mind you, he's taking steps to remedy that situation. Three years ago, for example, the farmer set up a prairie-wide organization, Canadian Co-operative Implements Limited. We call it 'C.C.I.L.' for short. As soon as the war is over it's going to supply its members in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba with farm implements. C.C.I.L. has decided to work with American Co-ops to do this job, and is one of eight organizations which owns an implement factory down in Indiana. Of course that factory's doing war work right now. But just watch us go ahead after the war! And our Co-op Wholesale's doing a great job, too, in reducing the cost of other supplies needed by Saskatchewan farmers."

Dick, who had returned with his uncle's missing jacket, spoke up quickly. He had been waiting to hear more about the Wholesale.

"Does your Co-op association buy everything it handles from the Co-op Wholesale, Uncle George?"

"No, not quite everything, son," George Weldon confessed. "There are some things, like dry goods, that we can't buy from the Co-operative Wholesale Society, because it doesn't carry stocks in every line. But our store buys hardware, groceries and flour and things like that from our own central organization. Groceries have been handled by the central for only about a year, I believe. And our 'bulk commodity' department gets its feed, binder twine, coal and wood there. Oh, yes, we buy machinery parts too."

"And gas and oil for your tractors and trucks?" Tom Weldon asked. "You handle those products, don't you?"

"Yes, we handle them also. But we buy them direct from our Co-op Refinery. Many local Co-ops—'affiliates' of the Wholesale we call them—do buy petroleum from it. Of course, the Wholesale buys most of its petroleum from the Refinery anyway. Say, I mentioned coal and wood, didn't I? We buy those commodities from S.C.W.S. too—that stands for 'Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society'."

"Is your S.C.W.S. an old organization, George?" Dick's father inquired.

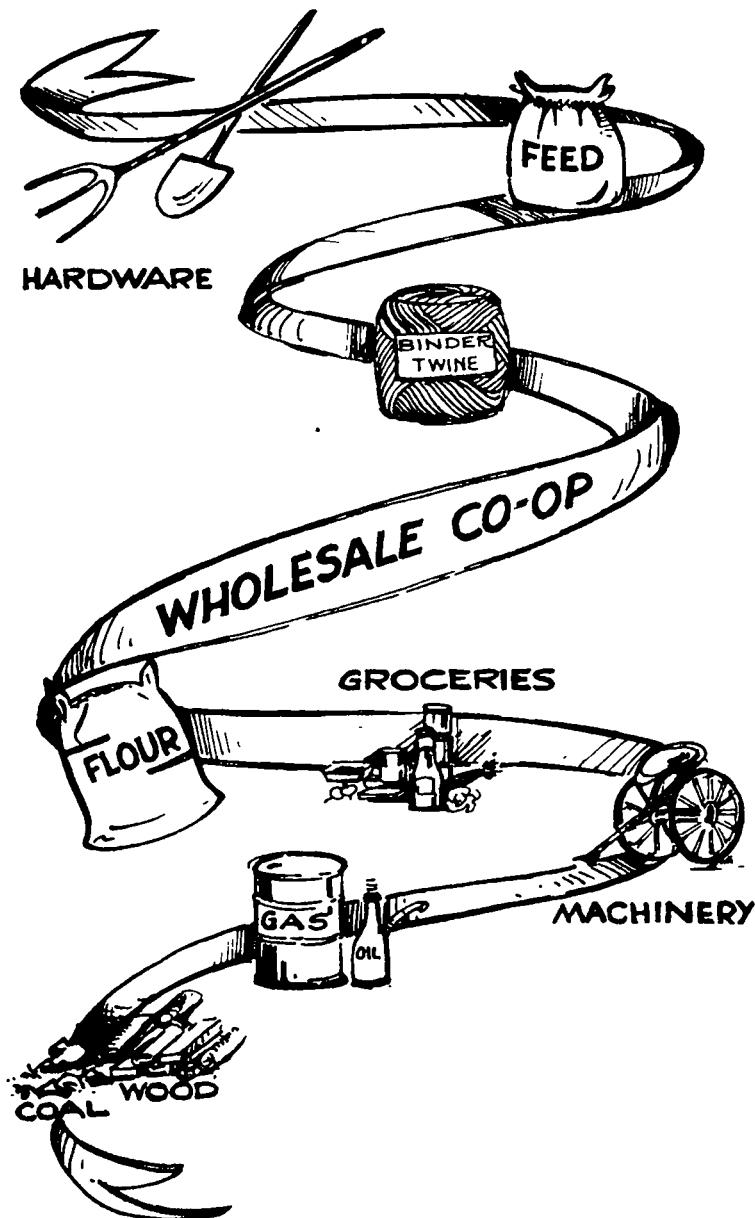
"Well, it's been operating for 14 years—since 1929. Just a minute, now—I have a chart around here somewhere showing how much the S.C.W.S. has sold each year. Now, where can that be? Edith!" Uncle George called. "Have you seen that copy of the Wholesale report?" No answer. "Guess she's out in the garden," he concluded. "I'll have to find it myself." There were a few moments of silence while George rummaged through papers in his writing desk.

"Oh, here it is!" he exclaimed. "Now look here," bringing his 'find' into the lamplight. "See those bars? Sales of only \$315,000 in 1933, but eleven times that amount in 1942. Some growth, eh?"

"It certainly has grown," his brother agreed. "How much is your Wholesale worth today, George?"

"\$634,000.00" Uncle George announced proudly. "That's what it's worth to us today. The people of Saskatchewan own every penny of that. And do you know this, Tom? Our local Co-ops have built up the organization by leaving a large part of their yearly savings in it. You see, the money that was originally invested in the S.C.W.S. amounts to only \$2,900.00."

"Whew!" Tom whistled. "That's marvellous, absolutely marvellous! I had no idea that you had built up the organization out of its own savings. You mean that the local Co-ops haven't collected their patronage dividends but have left them in the S.C.W.S.?"



"Partly that way, Tom; partly by reserves and other sums taken from our savings. That's why I'm so eager to see our own local store adopt the same policy."

"What policy, Uncle George?" Dick inquired. All this talk of reserves was hard to understand, he thought.

"Just this," his uncle rejoined. "Suppose our local store earns or saves one thousand dollars this year and our directors figure out that my share, my patronage dividend, amounts to \$12.50, Alex Thompson's to \$15.00, and so on. Wouldn't it be better in the long run if Alex and I and all the other members agreed to leave all or most of our dividends in the store? Then Mr. Williams, our manager, could put more stock on his shelves, or perhaps our directors could plan to open a new department or buy a larger building. You see? Alex and I and the others wouldn't be able to spend our dividends this year, but we'd have a larger and better Co-op that would earn and save even more money for all of us a little later. Now, I call that building for the future. Building for the future is mighty important, you take it from me! A good co-operative association always builds reserves to meet future emergencies and to take advantage of future opportunities for expansion. Yes sir, building reserves is an important principle or method of co-operation."



The Regina Branch of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society.

"Say, I have an ideal!" Dick jumped to his feet excitedly. His father smiled; he'd heard some of Dick's ideas before. But Uncle George appeared interested.

"It's like this," Dick explained hurriedly, the words tumbling out. "You farmers save money by having your own retail store. Then your store and other Co-op stores save money by having their own Wholesale. Well, why doesn't the Wholesale have its own factories? Then you'd save even more."

His uncle looked startled for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh. "Now, that is an ideal!" he cried. "You certainly are using your head, Dick. You're right, absolutely right. Other people have thought

of that, too, of course. From retailing to wholesaling to manufacturing—that's their programme, and yours too, I see. There's no denying it, it's a good programme."



Consumers' Co-operative Mills at Outlook.



The Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society, Saskatoon.

"When do you people start doing something about it, then?" Dick's father asked pointedly.

Uncle George grinned confidently. "We have started," he said. "Our Wholesale owns a flour mill—bought it four years ago. 'Consumers' Co-operative Mills' we call it. The S.C.W.S. also owns part of two coal mines in Alberta. Mind you, we know of a good many other factories we'd like to own. And we will own them some day, you take it from me. The Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society, with Co-op wholesales from other provinces, has already formed Interprovincial Co-operatives for the purpose of owning more factories, canneries, mills and so on."

"Golly, this co-operative movement gets more and more involved all the time," Dick remarked wearily. "Maybe it's too much for me to understand."

"Don't you worry about that," his uncle laughed. "You just learn all you can now, and some day perhaps you can help to support them or even organize them."

"Say, that's an idea, too," Dick replied thoughtfully as he started for bed.

Dick's Diary:

Uncle George loves to talk. Tonight he told Dad and I about the Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society. It started in 1929. Last year it sold \$3½ million of things like hardware, implements, twine, coal and wood and groceries. Uncle George says Co-ops should build reserves so they can keep on growing.

Uncle George Learned the Hard Way

“**A** GOOD EDUCATION,” said Uncle George emphatically, “is a wonderful thing.”

Dick had come out to the barn to help his uncle with the milking. Although George Weldon kept only a few head of cattle, his nephew found them a constant source of interest and entertainment; this morning he had slept in, however, and had found his uncle taking the milk to the separator in the pumphouse. A discussion of Dick’s plans for school in September was now in progress.

“Yes sir,” Uncle George repeated, as Dick turned the separator, “education is mighty important, and a school is the best place to get it. Mind you,” he added, “a lot of us have learned a great deal from experience, though that’s the hard way, you take it from me. Most farmers learned about co-operation that way, I suppose. I know I did. Which reminds me,” he continued, “that constant education is one of the principles, or maybe I should say one of the methods, of the co-operative movement. Did I ever mention the principles and methods of co-operation, son?”

Dick shook his head.

“Well, I may not have called them principles, but I’ve spoken of them just the same.” He emptied the last pail into the cream can and the two of them directed their steps towards the smell of coffee and bacon that drifted from Aunt Edith’s kitchen.

“I’ve been asking Dick here if he’s heard me mention the principles of co-operation.” Uncle George addressed his remarks to his brother as they sat down at the table, ignoring Aunt Edith’s reproachful glance.

“That so?” Tom Weldon replied, stirring his coffee. “You mean such things as allowing each member only one vote, I suppose?”

George nodded.

“So that’s what you mean by principles,” Dick exclaimed. “Maybe I do know what they are, then. When you distribute your savings or earnings among the members according to how much they’ve bought during the year—are you following a co-operative principle then?”

“That’s right,” his uncle agreed. “And limited interest on capital invested by the members—or no interest at all—that’s another co-operative principle.”

“What about selling at regular prices and building reserves and selling strictly for cash—no credit? Are those principles too?” Dick added eagerly.

“Right you are, son,” Uncle George said with a smile. “Though ‘methods’ might be a better word to describe those. I think you know them as well as Edith here,” and he winked slyly at Tom Weldon.

Aunt Edith was busily engaged in pouring coffee, but she paused long enough to criticize people who didn’t know when to stop talking about the same thing over and over again.

“And why not?” Uncle George asked the world in general. “Talking about co-operation is one way to educate people. And constant education



to the driveway as soon as I go out."

"That's fine," his brother declared. "I'll be in the shop all morning, Dick, so you can call me when Les and his grandfather arrive."

* * *

The noon hour found Dick, in company with his uncle's neighbours, strolling down the main street of the town to the local cafe. They had just finished a busy morning, including a call at the co-operative's warehouse, coal sheds, and storage tanks, and an inspection of the store. Dick had found a fine knife and a flashlight, too, at the latter point, but he had enjoyed his visit to the warehouses even more. There he had seen and marvelled at the oil tanks, the pipes and hose for filling oil drums, and the stocks of flour in still another shed.

"You like it, eh?" elderly Alex Thompson, Uncle George's crony, smiled with pleasure. "We're mighty proud of our set-up for handling oil and bulk commodities," he continued, "and we've done a first-rate business here for eleven years."

"And I thought until just the other day that you had been *buying* through your Co-op only since last March!" Dick admitted ruefully. "And what are 'bulk commodities', Mr. Thompson?"

"Don't you know?" came scornfully from Les Williams. "Why, bulk commodities are things like coal, wood, twine, and gas and oil—things you can't handle on the shelves of a store. Your uncle told you that."

"That's right," Alex Thompson nodded. "And we've been handling oil and gas and most of those other goods Les mentioned for a long time. But the store where we keep groceries and hardware and so on—that's new."

The three consumed their lunch hurriedly, for Les's grandfather wanted to get back to his farm; haying operations were in full swing. Les and Dick, with Mr. Thompson's permission, rode in the back of the truck on the return trip.

in co-operative ideas is still another co-operative principle or method. That's what I was telling you when we were doing the separating, wasn't it?" he added, looking at his nephew.

But Dick did not pursue the subject further. It reminded him all too clearly of his return to the East when his school commenced the fall term. He spoke, instead, of his own plans for the day. "I'm going to town with Les and Mr. Thompson, remember? Didn't you say that you have an oil barrel that you want us to take?"

"It's standing just outside the barn door, I believe," said Tom Weldon. "I'll roll it over

As Dick leaped off and waved good-bye in front of his uncle's farm he caught sight of George Weldon setting forth with the team for the far quarter.

"Going haying?" Dick shouted as the horses approached and, at his uncle's affirmative answer, he climbed aboard the moving wagon.



The Tanks and Warehouse of the Cabri Co-operative.



The Tanks and Warehouse of the Hodgeville Co-operative.

"Did Alex turn that barrel in?" queried Uncle George.

"Sure he did," his nephew replied. "And I had a fine chance to see your oil tanks and sheds, too," Dick added reflectively. "Say, I didn't know that you'd been buying gas and oil co-operatively for years and years."

"Going into the oil business was a good sample of co-operative education," Dick's companion chuckled. "It was education the hard way, though," he remarked. "You see, Dick, the farmers in this district had some very discouraging experiences just before they went into the oil business. Wheat used to bring \$1.15 a bushel in the spring of 1930, but in the short space of nine months it dropped to only 55 cents. That hit us hard, Dick. What were we to do? The long years of drought were setting in, too. Were we to lose everything—our homes, our farms, our life's work—in this economic disaster?"



"Well, many of us did, I'm afraid. But some of the men had ideas, and what they did about oil and gas proved most important in helping us to pull through those years of drought and depression. The farms in this area are largely mechanized, you know. Tractors roar across the fields where horses plodded along in earlier days. I still keep this one team, of course, but many of my neighbours rely entirely on more modern power. So naturally the cost of fuel—and 'lube' oils, and so on—is a very large item in their costs of producing wheat."

"Could we reduce those costs, particularly the cost of fuel? That was the burning question in this area a dozen years ago. Some of us

thought we could. How? By organizing our own retail oil Co-ops to buy directly from the refinery companies. Now our opposition declared up and down that we couldn't save a penny, that the retail price of fuel was just as low as it could be. Well, we didn't take them too seriously, I'm glad to say, and we went right ahead and organized. That was in 1932.

"A few other neighbouring districts had already made a beginning too, and we certainly proved that savings could be made. Why, Sherwood Co-operative, located right in our capital city, Regina, had saved its members—242 of them—over \$10,000 in the first three years of operation. Today Sherwood, one of our Co-op giants, has 3,000 members. Unity Co-op, up north, made savings of \$16,000 last year, according to John Waslenko. (John used to live here, you know.) Most of that saving was made on petroleum products." He chuckled. "We showed them all right!"

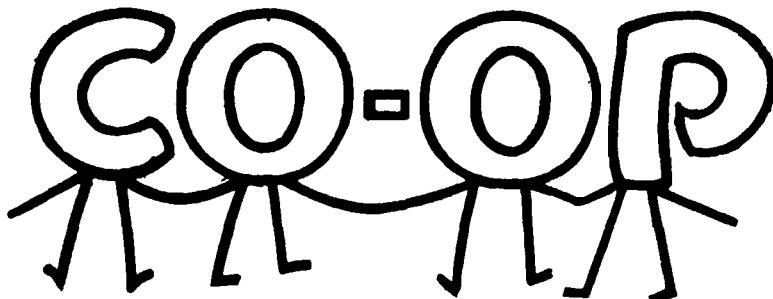
"But it was a long, hard struggle in those first years," Uncle George declared more soberly. "Those oil refineries didn't just stand by and watch us grow. No sir, they gave us real opposition, you take it from me!"

"But what could they do?" asked Dick. "They couldn't stop you selling gasoline, could they?"

"No, they couldn't do that *directly*," his uncle admitted. "But the major oil refineries could and did do this: they bought out the 'little fellows'—the small refineries—and then they informed us that our local Co-ops would pay a higher wholesale price—about 3 cents more per gallon of gasoline. Now, that wouldn't help us any, would it?"

"It certainly wouldn't," Dick agreed. "Gee, if only you didn't have to buy your fuel from those refineries, you'd be doing much better today, wouldn't you?"

"Say, have you forgotten, Dick?" asked his uncle reproachfully. "Didn't I tell you last night that we bought our gas and oil from our own refinery—Consumers' Co-operative Refineries at Regina?"



"Why, sure you did. I forgot all about that," Dick said ruefully. "So that's how you farmers fought back, eh?" he added gleefully. "You don't take things lying down, do you?"

"Not that time, we didn't. You're right about that. Ten of us—ten local oil Co-ops down here in the south near Regina—we organized the first Co-op Refinery in the world in 1934. Yes sir, we raised \$32,000 and in May of the next year our new skimming plant was turning out gas and oil for our tractors and trucks. Know how many barrels of crude we processed last year? Four hundred thirty-eight thousand! We have

a business there that's worth close to a million dollars to us, and it has saved more than a million dollars for us, too. Our farmers' petroleum costs were cut nearly in half, and today there are more than 250 local oil Co-ops buying from our Refinery."

Uncle George brought the team to a halt at the edge of the far quarter. "I'll open the gate," Dick offered, and slipped over the side of the wagon. "I think Saskatchewan must be the most co-operative province in Canada," he remarked, as he watched the team pass through. "There never was any doubt about that," his uncle laughed. "But you still haven't heard all my Co-op stories, you can take it from me!"

* * *

Dick's Diary:

I went to town with Les and his grandfather. We saw the Co-op tanks and warehouses. Uncle George says that the Refinery started in 1934 and has helped the local Co-ops to save lots of money when they buy gas and oil. He says the Refinery is worth one million dollars today, but it started with only \$32,000. Local oil Co-ops began about 1931.



The Plant of Consumers' Co-operative Refinery, Regina

Uncle George Sums Up

DAD was out to the farm last Sunday," Les Williams announced. "He persuaded my grandfather to join our credit union. Grandfather wanted my Dad to let him have a cream separator on credit. Dad said our store didn't give credit. Gee, my grandfather didn't like it a bit! The separator was worth only a hundred dollars, he said, and he'd pay the Co-op in another month or so, soon as he shipped some hogs."

"But wasn't that rather hard on your grandfather?" Dick asked. It was late afternoon and the two boys were inspecting Les's new bicycle which had just arrived from town.

"Not at all," Les declared. "After all, he can get the separator now. All he has to do is apply to our credit union for a loan. That's what Dad told him. 'You just apply for membership, put in a little money now, and promise to deposit savings as often as you can from now on,' Dad said, 'and the credit union will loan you the money.' My grandfather finally agreed. He's a good co-operator, really, but this credit union idea was new to him, he said."

"It's new to me, too," Dick admitted. "Do good co-operators believe in credit unions?"

"Of course they do," Les replied, making his bicycle travel in circles around the Thompson farmyard. "A credit union's a Co-op, isn't it?"

"I guess it is, if you say so. Uncle George hasn't mentioned it, though."

"Always your Uncle George!" Les scoffed. "Don't you know anything about Co-ops except what he tells you?"

"Sure I do. But why shouldn't I learn from him? He's a member of your credit union, I'll bet!"

"All right, but what if he is. I'm a member, too, so I should know something about it."

"You're a member!" exclaimed Dick incredulously. "You can't believe Co-ops are just for grown-ups."

"Not this one," Les grinned. "Young people like you and me—yes, and children, too—can belong. I can vote at meetings, too, and I save my money in the credit union. But I don't think I can borrow. Come on, I'll ride you back to your place," he offered.

Dick seated himself on the bars and the two boys were soon riding into the Weldon farmyard. "There's Uncle George now," Dick observed, "and he's just coming in for supper. Will you stay, Les?"

"No, I've chores to do, so I'm going right back. Come on, hop off now, and I'll see you tomorrow." Les turned his bicycle about and pedaled off with a wave of his hand.

"Say, Uncle George," Dick called, as he entered the house, "I've got five dollars in my bank, can I put it in your credit union?"

"Now, who's been telling you about the credit union," his uncle speculated. "Wouldn't be Les, would it?"

"Yes," Dick nodded. "Les said that he's a member, so I thought I'd like to join, too."



The Credit Union and Co-operative at Antelope.

"Of course you would, and I don't blame you either. But what do you know about credit unions?"

"Not very much," confessed Dick. "Only what Les told me, but he said that people save their money there, and then when some of them want to borrow they can get a loan. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's the idea. A man borrows from a fund that he and his neighbours and friends have helped to save. A credit union is a 'co-op credit' organization."

"Can you make a loan for nothing?" Dick inquired.

"No sir!" his uncle declared emphatically. "Our credit union charges interest on its loans. It has to charge in order to pay its expenses—book-keeping supplies and things like that cost money—but at the end of the year it very often finds that it has charged more than enough to pay those expenses. So this 'overcharge' is distributed among the members: first of all, every member receives interest on his savings, then sometimes the borrowers are returned a part of the interest which they paid on their loans."

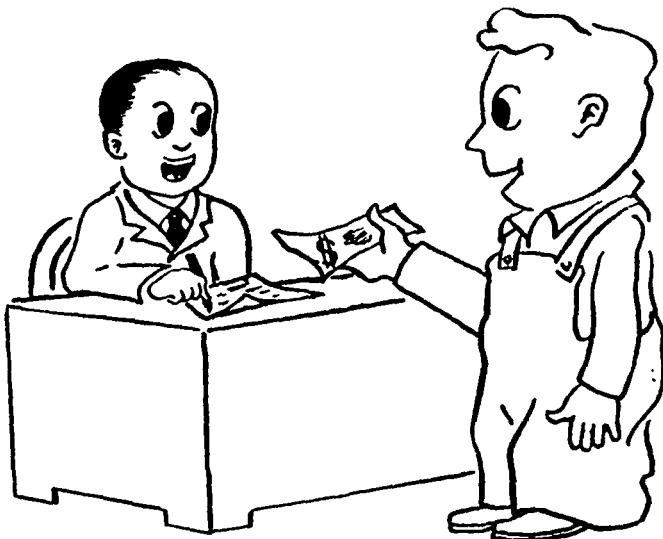
"Just like the patronage dividends in a co-op store, eh?" Dick commented.

"Exactly! We have over one hundred credit unions in Saskatchewan now, Dick. They're new, though. Started to appear six years ago. Some have saved plenty of money. I've been hearing about LaFleche, for instance. It has over 500 members and they've gathered together more than \$75,000 in their first five years. Remember this, Dick: a credit union is intended to help us save, as well as to extend us credit. Unless we save, there's nothing for us to borrow. Yes sir, it was because people

at LaFleche saved money that their credit union has been able to loan them over \$250,000."

"What do people borrow for?" asked Dick. "And why didn't Alex Thompson join your credit union long ago?"

George Weldon laughed. "Oh, Alex is all right," he said, "but the credit union is a new member of our Co-op family here in Saskatchewan and Alex is just getting used to it. He's an old co-operator, you know. What was your other question? Oh, 'why do credit union members borrow?' Why, for lots of purposes. Farmers make loans to buy or repair farm machinery. One of the members of Lafleche, Henry Beaulieu, bought a combine by borrowing from his credit union, they tell me. Other farm expenses, like seeding, harvesting, or threshing, are financed the same way. Some trucks have been bought with credit union funds.



"Then everyone," George Weldon continued, "farmers and townspeople alike, may borrow to pay off old debts that they had before they joined our 'co-op credit' organization. I was reading the other day about a fellow who owed \$682.00, of which \$282.00 was interest that had been piling up. His creditors had got a court order making his employer deduct so much money from his wages every month to pay on that debt. That's called a 'garnishee'. Well sir, that man was so discouraged that he was going to quit his job. But do you know what happened? Why, his credit union got busy, approached his creditors, and paid the debt for him. Then he owed the credit union, of course, but he kept his job, and now he is paying back the credit union on far easier terms."

"Gee, that credit union is really practicing co-operation, isn't it?"

"It sure is. And people borrow to buy furniture and clothing, to build or improve homes, to pay taxes, and to help in emergencies when there are hospital and doctor's bills to be settled. I'll tell you, Dick, there are a good many credit unions in Ontario, and in Toronto itself, for that matter. You get in touch with some of the members when you go back to school. Perhaps you and all your classmates could be ad-

mitted to membership in a credit union. Plenty of boys and girls in Saskatchewan are credit unionists."

"I'll remember that," Dick promised. "Say, your credit unions give you real service, don't they?"

"That's it, all right," declared his uncle. "We call the work done by our credit unions a Co-op service. We have others, too, you know. Our community hall—where the dance was held last week—that's owned by a co-operative to which all the people in this neighbourhood belong. There are about 160 of 'em in Saskatchewan. Now, there's a sensible thing to do! We needed a good hall for our meetings, our socials, our plays and motion pictures and dances. So—we built it ourselves co-operatively. You see, Dick, community life is pretty important out here on the farms. But would you like to go month after month to an old barn of a place for your good times? That's what we were doing up till 1932, you know. Yes sir, the only hall in town was owned by old Bob Reynolds (he's dead now—used to be in real estate). He used to run a picture show every week before the 'talkies' came in. Then his equipment got too old, and he stopped that, but he kept on renting the hall. What a place! Never too clean, and an old heater in it that wouldn't keep a polar bear warm in July! Well sir, some of us got mighty tired of paying Mr. Reynolds for the privilege of freezing to death. Then Les Williams' father got busy, talked to most of the farmers and the townsfolk, too. We held a little meeting that summer—guess that was '32—and decided to establish a 'Community Hall Co-operative'. Carl Nygaard became secretary, and we sold \$5.00 shares to everybody that was interested—and that was most of us. Well, we raised \$700.00, and decided to make a start. Farmers were hard up in 1932—wheat prices were just about the lowest we'd ever seen, and money was scarce, but we went ahead anyway. We bought the cement and lumber, the men pitched in and gave a lot of voluntary labour, and by Thanksgiving we were ready to open. Of course, our building didn't have any trimmings, but we figured that those would come later. And they did!"



The Lashburn and District Community Hall

"Just a minute, just hold on there!" Tom Weldon interrupted.
"You didn't put up that building for \$700.00—not even the shell."

"You're right about that, Tom. But I was going to tell you. We had borrowed about \$600.00 as well as having sold shares for \$700.00, but would you believe it, we paid all our debts in just about a year and a half! We packed the people in, because we had the beginnings of a good hall. I'll never forget the opening night. The ladies had arranged to serve supper in the basement. Well sir, we fed 500 people that night, a hundred at a time. Our community hall has been one of the finest things the people have ever accomplished by co-operation, you take it from me. We have our own motion pictures today—sound, too. I'll bet the whole thing—building and equipment—is worth \$4,500.00."

"But, Uncle George," Dick protested, "if the people only gave you \$700.00, how did you get a hall worth \$4,500.00?"

"That's easy," Uncle George chuckled. "The board of directors charges every organization for the use of the hall. Then the earnings have been used to buy equipment and to make improvements. You see, a co-operative community hall is just a little different from other co-ops. It doesn't pay patronage dividends. Its earnings are used instead for the benefit of the community as a whole; that means improving our hall, or giving a free picture show, or donating some of our earnings to some other worthy community venture."

"Gee, I wish there were more co-operatives for young people of my age!" Dick exclaimed.

"Why, that reminds me! I meant to tell you long ago about school co-operatives. Now there's a job for you, Dick. How'd you like to organize a Co-op yourself, eh?"



The Turberville School Co-operative.

"Organize a Co-op! Golly, I couldn't do that, could I?" Dick asked, not entirely sure that his uncle wasn't joking.

"Why not? When you go East this fall you just get busy among the boys and girls in your class and I'm sure you could have a school co-operative formed in no time at all."

"But what is a school co-operative? You haven't told me that yet, you know," Dick said earnestly. "How can I organize one if I don't know what it is?"

"It's simple," declared Uncle George. "It's a sort of co-operative store. Now what do you think that the boys and girls in your class would all like to buy during the coming year?"

"Football equipment!" Dick cried. Then as an afterthought, "The boys would, anyhow."

"Well, there you are," his uncle said in triumph. "What did I tell you? You get the boys and girls to form a Co-op to buy sporting goods, school supplies, books and games, to sell to your members. Each member will save money that way. Your Co-op can buy in large quantities, sell at regular prices, then divide its earnings or savings later on. The more you purchase, the more you save."

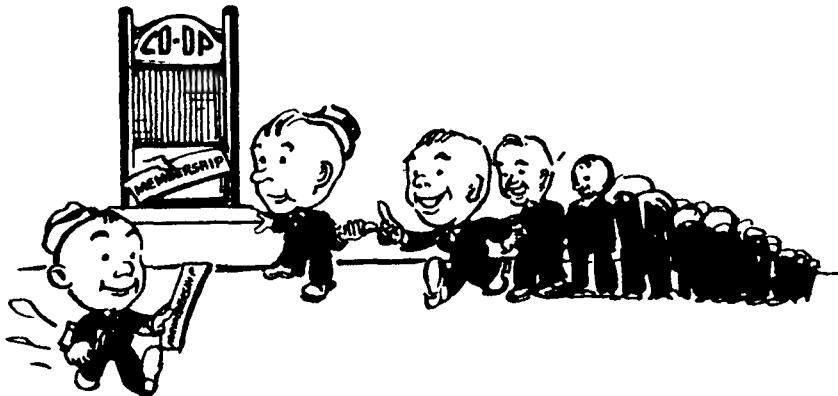
"Gee, that's right!" Dick murmured in awe-struck tones. "Are the boys and girls doing that in Saskatchewan schools?" He found it hard to believe that such organizations existed.

"They certainly are. Lots of them, too," said Uncle George. "And I have another idea. Remember I suggested that you and the other people in your class at school should join a credit union? Well, maybe you could arrange to have a 'school branch' of that credit union and operate it along with your Co-op. What do you think of that?"

"I think I'll have my hands full next winter," his nephew laughed, "but I may try it, anyway."

* * *

As the summer days passed Dick Weldon learned more and more about Saskatchewan co-operatives. His Uncle George was always full of information, always ready to tell a story. But the last days of August finally arrived, and Dick found himself packing his bags in preparation for his return home to Toronto.



"I hate to go so soon," he told his father on the last evening at the farm. "But will I ever have things to tell the boys in Toronto!" he added gleefully. "And wait till we get our school co-operative organized! Why, we'll save enough to buy all sorts of things we couldn't afford before."

"Let me hear about that, Dick," requested Uncle George. "You know I'm interested in seeing co-operatives established all over Canada. Yes, and throughout the world for that matter," he added with a smile. "You see, son, there's another principle of co-operation that I've never mentioned. That's the principle of 'universality'."

"What's that mean?" interrupted Tom Weldon.

"It means that a co-operative organization welcomes members. If it's a consumer Co-op—a buying Co-op—it welcomes any reliable person who wishes to join. If it's a marketing Co-op, it welcomes anyone who is reliable and who has the produce to sell which it is marketing. No one is ever prevented from joining a Co-op because of his politics, or his religion, or his race. And another thing: Co-ops work with other Co-ops. The more Co-ops there are, the better results they can achieve by working together. That's why I want you to promise to write about your school Co-op. See?"

Well, Dick promised and next day he took leave of his father and Uncle George at the station.

"What will you be doing this winter, Uncle George, after your crops are all harvested?" he asked, as they waited for the train.

"I'll tell you," laughed Dick's father. "George will go right on talking about Co-ops; yes, and with all the other people in Saskatchewan, he'll probably help to build a few more. Not that I mind," he added,

"for I'm convinced that co-operatives are helping all of us to build a better world."

And Dick agreed. Do you?

* * *

Dick's Diary:

Les told me about credit unions where people save to help each other when someone has to borrow. They're new—credit unions, I mean—in Saskatchewan. One has \$75,000. Uncle George talked about Co-op community halls, too, and he said that I should start a school Co-op when I get home this fall, and maybe a school branch of a credit union. I think it's a good idea.



Uncle George Says...

“**S**o you want to know more about Co-ops and Credit Unions? Well now, I’m very sorry, but I’m afraid I told that young nephew of mine just about all the stories I knew. But other people have all kinds of information for you, you take it from me. Who? did you say? That’s easy! Why not begin by talking to your Pool Elevator agent, or your local Co-op manager? Either one of them will tell you plenty about the growth of co-operatives in Saskatchewan. See those people first. Then you could write to the Co-operative Union of Canada, Saskatchewan Section. That’s an educational organization, about three years old, to which many of our local Co-ops belong; these stories I told Dick were written out for me by the Union and it has other booklets too. You might ask the Union to tell me whether you like my stories, because I’d certainly like to know.

“Say, next time the district representative of the Wheat Pool is in your community, get a chance to talk to him. Or write to the Country Organization Department of the Wheat Pool if you have any special co-operative problems on your mind. And don’t forget that the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture has what it calls a ‘Co-operation and Markets Branch’. The branch has been helping co-operators for years and years—since long before I came West—and it can give you good advice as well as information. Then there’s the Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan handling problems in the field of ‘Co-op Credit’. And if any of the grown-ups in your family want to make a real study of Co-ops, why, you tell them to get in touch with the Extension Department of our University—it’s been providing people with suggestions on co-operation for a long time too.

“Now, let me see. Oh, yes! Are your folks reading *The Western Producer* and *the Co-operative Consumer*? Both of them are fine newspapers with lots of Co-op news in them. The first is published by the Wheat Pool, and the other’s put out by our Wholesale and Refinery, I believe. And that reminds me: I told the Co-operative Union people to be sure and put these names and addresses in the back of this booklet so you’ll know where to write.

“Guess that’s all I have to say, except this: I hope you and all your friends turn out to be first-rate co-operators, so that this world of ours sees the mistaken idea of profit-making replaced entirely by the idea of service. That’s what co-operation stands for, you take it from me!”

Co-operation: A Definition

“A co-operative enterprise is one which belongs to the people who use its services, the control of which rests equally with all its members and the gains of which are distributed to the members in proportion to the use they make of its services.”

The Principles and Methods of Co-operation

The Principles:

1. Universality (See page 51)
 - (a) Open membership;
 - (b) Voluntary membership;
 - (c) Racial, religious and political neutrality.
2. Democratic Control
-- one member, one vote (see pages 11, 20, 21, 38)
3. Limited Returns on Capital (see pages 29, 38)
4. Return of Savings Through Patronage Dividends
(see pages 28, 38)

The Methods:

1. Sales at Market Prices (see pages 25, 26, 27, 38)
2. Business Done for Cash (see pages 27, 38)
3. Education (see page 38)
4. Reserves (see pages 35, 38)

A Summary of Co-operatives in Saskatchewan

Marketing:	Number	Total
Seed	19	
Grain	2	
Livestock	44	
Dairy	4	
Honey	1	
Wool	1	
Poultry	2	73
Purchasing:		
Retail	530	
Wholesale	1	
District Implements	16	
Miscellaneous	3	550
Purchasing and Service:		
Book Supply	1	1
Service:		
Credit Unions	123	
Insurance	4	
Grazing	16	
Community Halls.	164	
Miscellaneous	13	320
Production:		
	4	4
Manufacturing:		
Interprovincial	1	
Implements	1	
Petroleum Refining	1	
Flour Milling	1	4
		952

Some Major Co-operatives in Saskatchewan

Marketing:

Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers (Saskatchewan Wheat Pool)
Saskatchewan Co-operative Livestock Producers (Saskatchewan Livestock Pool)
Carrot River Valley Co-operative Marketing Association
Humboldt-Canora Co-operative Marketing Association
Dairy Co-operative Marketing Association (Dairy Pool)
Saskatchewan Co-operative Creamery Association
Saskatchewan Co-operative Poultry Pool
Saskatchewan Forage Crop Growers' Co-operative Marketing Association
Saskatchewan Honey Producers' Co-operative Marketing Association
Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers

Purchasing:

Saskatchewan Co-operative Wholesale Society

Manufacturing:

Consumers' Co-operative Refineries
Consumers' Co-operative Mills
Interprovincial Co-operatives
Canadian Co-operative Implements

Service:

Saskatchewan Co-operative Credit Society
Co-operative Mutual Benefit Association
Co-operative Fidelity and Guaranty Company
Saskatchewan Co-operative Superannuation Society

A List of Names and Addresses

The Co-operative Union of Canada,
Saskatchewan Section,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Country Organization Department,
Saskatchewan Wheat Pool,
Wheat Pool Building,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Co-operation and Markets Branch,
Department of Agriculture,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

The Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Extension Department,
University of Saskatchewan,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

The Western Producer,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

The Co-operative Consumer,
12 Twenty-third Street, East,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

